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THE DAGUERREOTYPE IN AMERICA.

By Mrs. D. T. Davis.

WHILE in Paris in the spring of 1839, engaged in securing a patent on his telegraphic apparatus, Professor S. F. B. Morse became deeply interested in what he heard of the brilliant experiments of M. Daguerre, whose genius and perseverance had just brought to perfection one of the most important and astonishing discoveries of the age. An artist, as well as a scientist, Professor Morse was naturally anxious to hear more of this new art of painting with sunbeams, especially as he himself had made experiments to ascertain if it was possible to fix the image of the *camera obscura*, and had given the matter up as impracticable.

Having completed all arrangements in regard to his telegraph, Professor Morse had already made his plans to leave Paris for home, when, in conversation with the American Consul, Mr. Robert Walsh, he one morning remarked, "I do not like to go home without first having seen Daguerre's results." The consul thought the matter might be easily arranged, and suggested that Professor Morse invite M. Daguerre to see his telegraphic apparatus, in return for which courtesy M. Daguerre would doubtless invite Professor Morse to see his pictures.

The plan was, of course, entirely successful. Morse and his marvellous scientific achievements were already matters of European reputation, and M. Daguerre naturally lost no time in responding to the distinguished request. Immediately following this exchange of civilities, Professor Morse had the pleasure of seeing the wonderful results of the new discovery at the Diorama, where M. Daguerre had his laboratory, and where he gave frequent exhibitions of his pictures to the foremost scientific men of the day.

These pictures, the extreme beauty of which had surprised and delighted all who beheld them, bore no resemblance to anything that had been theretofore known; and the striking mystery about them was that they should have been produced by a clever manipulation of the forces of nature rather than by the artist's pencil. Except in the absence of color, they presented, on a highly polished plate, absolutely perfect images of the objects represented. In fact, such was their perfection and fidelity, that, on examining them by microscopic power, details were discovered which were not perceivable to the naked eye in the original object, but which, when searched for with optical instruments, were found in complete accordance with those of the picture. The pictures were mostly views of streets, boulevards, and buildings, those of the Louvre and Notre Dame being especially fine. Interiors, still life, groups of plaster casts, and other works of art were also most successfully treated by the new process. Daguerre had not succeeded in making portraits as yet, and he told Professor Morse that he doubted if it could be done.

Professor Morse's enthusiasm over these daguerreotypes was scarcely less than that which he felt for his beloved telegraph. He wrote concerning them, that the exquisite minuteness of the delineation could not be described; that no painting or engraving ever approached them; and that the impressions of interiors were Rem-

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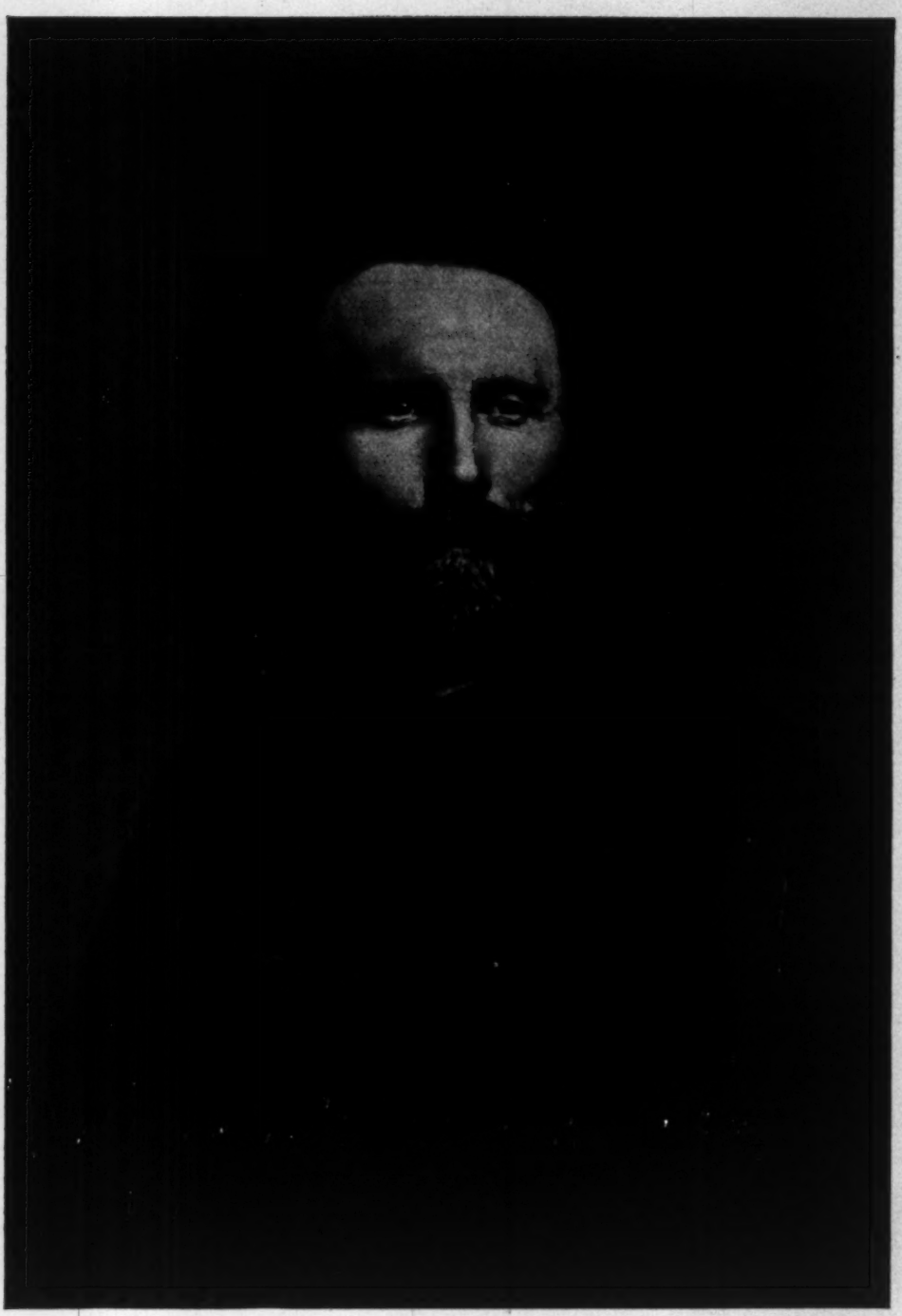
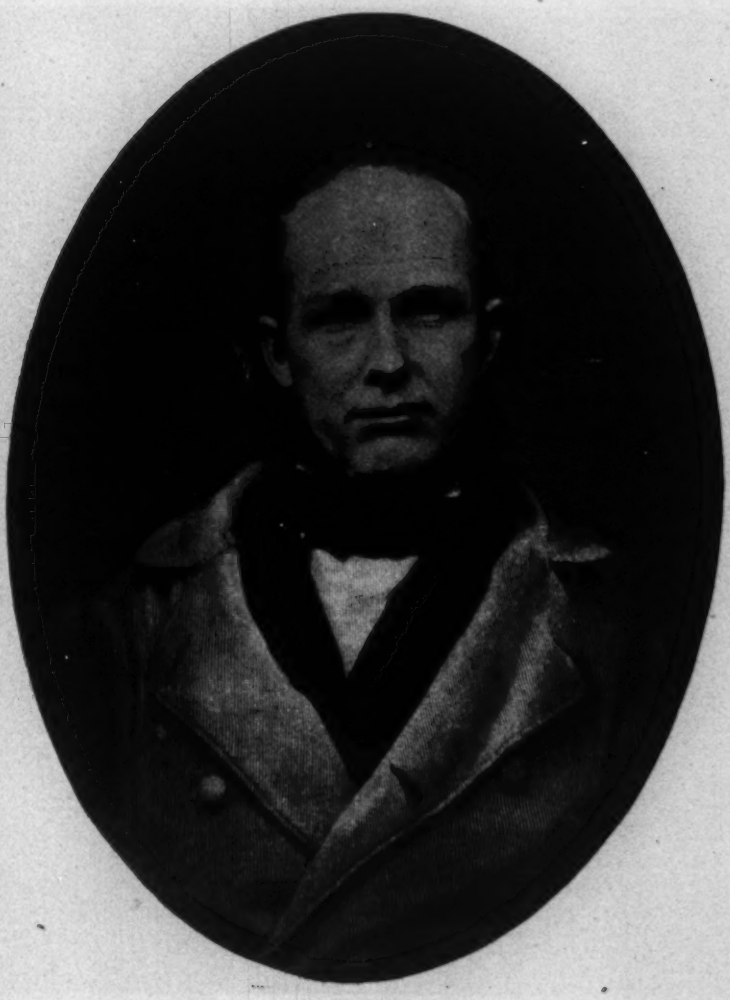


GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.



HORACE GREELEY.

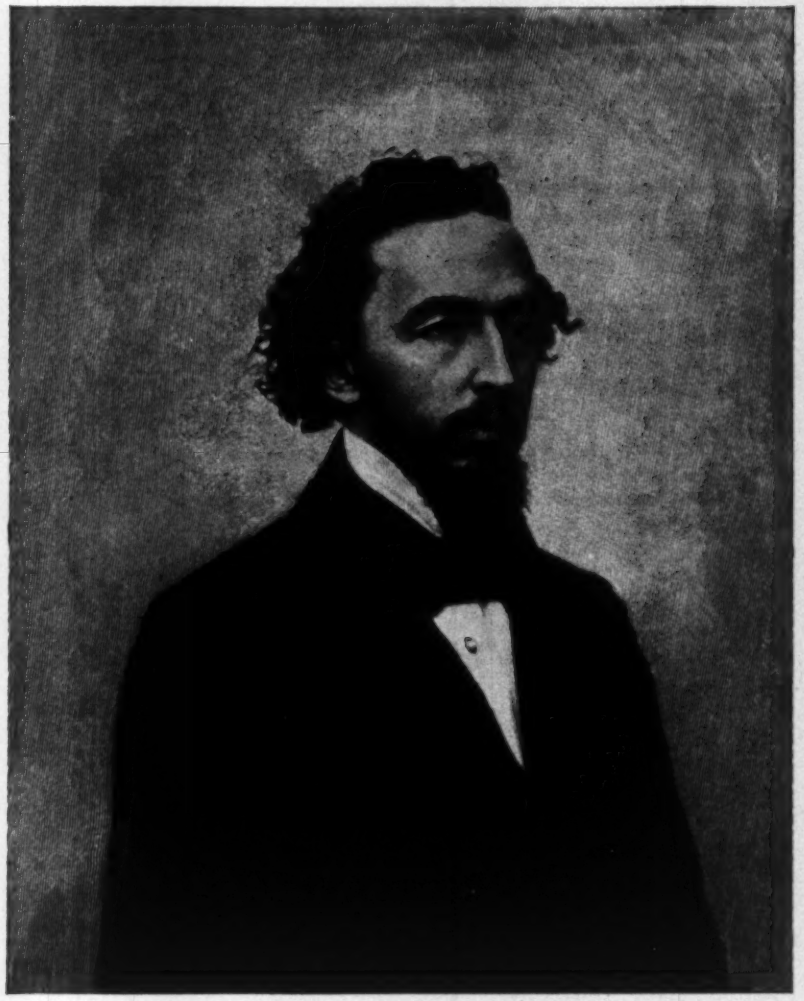
From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

brandt perfected. Unfortunately, the very next day, while Daguerre was with Professor Morse, witnessing the operations of his telegraph, the Diorama burned to the ground with all the beautiful specimens that Professor Morse had seen there the day before.

Professor Morse had been obliged to content himself with the mere sight of these charming exponents of the new art, as M. Daguerre was keeping the process a profound secret until such a time as it should be definitely decided whether or not the French Government would purchase the invention and make it a royal gift to the civilized world,—a point then under consideration.

There was a loud demand from the scientific public for an explanation of the discovery. For many years the search for a method of fixing the image of the *camera obscura*—an instrument known for nearly two centuries—had been diligent and persistent. The most important experimentation latterly had been that done in France by Niepce and Daguerre. For at least fifteen years Niepce, in entire ignorance of what Daguerre and other scientists had been doing, had been vainly endeavoring to catch the images of the *camera obscura*, when, in 1829, he met Daguerre, and they decided to reveal to each other the secrets of their individual methods and share alike in whatever material benefits might accrue.

On the recommendation of Daguerre, Niepce substituted iodine for the varnish which he had evolved, after years of experiment, to use on the silver plate. This film of iodine, which failed in the hands of Niepce, became the foundation of Da-



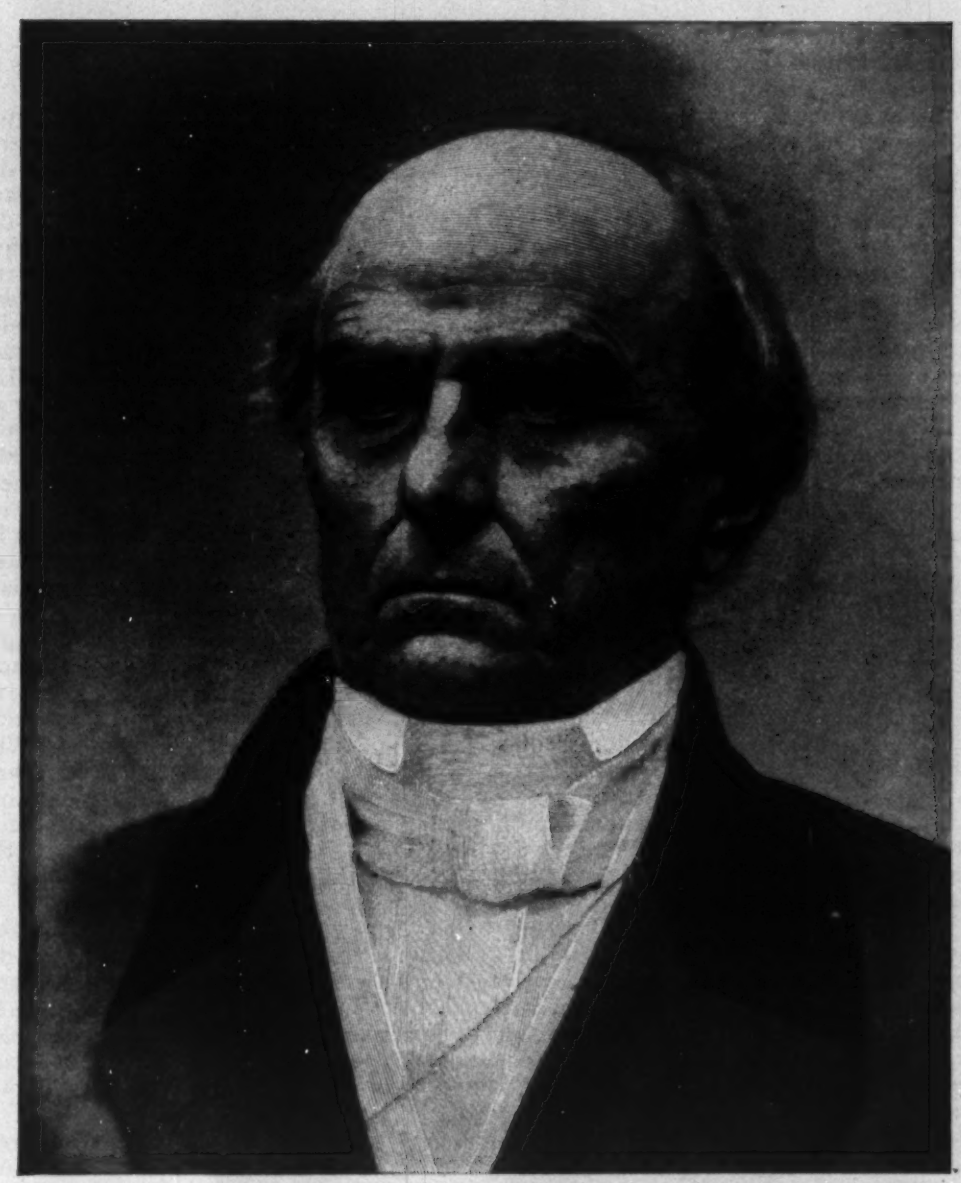
BAYARD TAYLOR.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

guerre's success, and having once obtained a material so sensitive to the action of light, the French artist overcame all other difficulties with which he had been surrounded. In the midst of these interesting researches Niepce died, in 1833, and his son afterwards succeeded to the partnership. He, however, pursued his father's process, without making any essential improvements, while Daguerre brought his own to such perfection that, after twenty years of unceasing labor, he was enabled to enter upon a life of continued triumph.

No sooner were Daguerre's pictures exhibited than scientific men the world over hastened to examine them, and it is safe to say that no previous discovery had awakened a more universal interest. Journals and periodicals were given up to exploiting the subject, and certain issues were delayed, in order to obtain more complete accounts of the famous "sun pictures." As an invention it was ranked in importance with the steam engine, and the most exaggerated panegyrics from poet and scientist alike were the order of the day.

M. Arago, the famous astronomer whose great discoveries on light entitled him to the confidence of the inventor, was intrusted with Daguerre's secret, and with that ardent devotion to science and to the interest of its cultivator which so often and splendidly characterizes scholars, he resolved that while France had the honor of so great a discovery, it should also have



DANIEL WEBSTER.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

the higher glory of rewarding and honoring the discoverer and of making the discovery a present to the entire world; and he succeeded in persuading the French Government to give Daguerre an annual pension of 6,000 francs ($1,200) and Niepce one of 4,000 francs ($800) on condition that they publish their process.

The bill received the unanimous assent of both houses, and was signed by King Louis Philippe on the 15th of June, 1839. So great was the public interest in the event that when, in August, 1839, Arago published the discovery, in a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, every place was taken two hours before the time announced for the reading to begin, and upwards of 200 persons who could not obtain admittance remained in the courtyard of the Institute.

As soon as the resolution to purchase the invention and make it public had been passed by the French Chamber, Daguerre hastened to put Professor Morse, who in the meantime had returned to America, in possession of all the knowledge necessary

to manipulate the delicate process, and the professor lost no time in beginning to experiment practically with the art. His brothers Sidney E. and Richard C. Morse had a room with a glass roof erected on the roof of their new building at the northwest corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets, New York, and in this "palace of the sun," as they called it, made an American home for the new art. Until this room was ready for occupancy, Professor Morse continued his experiments with great success at the University of New York, in Washington Square. His first entirely successful picture was a view of the Unitarian Church, from the window on the staircase of the third story of the University. This was taken in September, 1839, and was without doubt the first daguerreotype ever taken in America. The time of exposure was fifteen minutes.

By the time Morse was fairly started, the process as published in Paris had reached the United States. Arago had read his paper to the Academy of Sciences in August, and the first published description of the Daguerre process which came to us was the summaries of this address published in the London newspapers. The Paris journals soon arrived with the paper in full, which was, of course, at once translated; and at the same time came the descriptive letters of the Paris correspondents.

These descriptions were so clear that any one could follow them, and hundreds were doing so, when in the fall of 1839 a teacher direct from M. Daguerre himself arrived in New York, M. François Gouraud by name. M. Gouraud, having come over expressly to give lectures on the process, brought with him the most improved French apparatus, as well as many pictures made by the master and his followers. These pictures were placed on exhibition, and on opening day the *élite* of the city were invited to view them. All who saw them were enraptured. Philip Hone wrote a long paragraph in his diary on the marvel of the discovery. "It appears to me not less wonderful," said he, "that light should be made an active operating power in this manner than that some such effect should be produced by sound; and who knows whether, in this age of invention and discoveries, we may not be called upon to marvel at the exhibition of a tree, a horse, or a sheep produced by the human voice muttering over a metal plate, prepared in the same or some other manner, the words 'tree,' 'horse,' and 'sheep.' How greatly ashamed of their ignorance the bygone generations of mankind ought to be!"

The "Knickerbocker" — Washington Irving's magazine—came out with nearly two pages of its December number devoted to the daguerreotype. "We have seen the views taken in Paris by the daguerreotype," the editor says, "and have no hesitation in avowing that they are the most remarkable objects of curiosity and admiration in the arts that we ever beheld. Their exquisite perfection almost transcends the bounds of sober belief. Let us endeavor to convey to the reader an impression of their character. Let him suppose himself standing in the middle of Broadway, with a looking-glass held perpendicularly in his hand, in which is reflected the street, with all that therein is, for two or three miles, taking in the haziest distance. Then let him take the glass into the house, and find the impression of the entire view, in the softest light and shade, vividly retained upon the surface. This is the daguerreotype. The views themselves are from the most interesting points of the French metropolis. Who would throw up their business and their dinners, on a voyage to see Paris or London, when one can sit in an apartment in New York and look at the streets, the architectural wonders, and the busy life of each crowded metropolis?"

A few months later the "Knickerbocker," in commenting again on the daguerreotype, pronounced it "an instrument destined ultimately, we believe, to be the companion of every man of taste, *particularly in his travels*"—a prophecy which we now see fulfilled in the later photograph.

M. Gouraud had little trouble in carrying through his course of lectures. Many people attended them, and he fitted out a large number with apparatus for the practice of what he had been teaching. In March, 1840, he went to Boston, and his season there was very successful. Finally he published a pamphlet: "A Description of the Daguerreotype Process, or a Summary of M. Gouraud's Public Lectures, according to the principles of M. Daguerre; with a description of a provisory method for taking Human Portraits."

This "provisory method" of taking portraits was not a simple method, as one can see from Gouraud's directions for preparing the room and the subject: "In the first place, you will begin by preparing a room exposed to the sun, the southeast

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

From an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

if possible. You will give to this room the form of a truncated pyramid lying down, of which the base will be the whole breadth of the window—which window you will make as large as possible, and extending from the floor to the ceiling. The floor, the ceiling, and the two sides of the room should be plastered with the whitest kind of lime plaster. Those who cannot dispose a room in this manner, can fix the sides of the room with sheets, or other cloth of perfect whiteness. The focus of the room must be covered with a tapestry of white cotton, with knotted or raised figures, which is designed from the drapery. Those are always agreeable to the

eye, and should always be shown in interior views. The chair on which the person sits must be of yellow wood. The person, if a man, must be dressed in a clear gray coat; pantaloons of a little deeper hue; a vest of a fancy ground,—yellow, orange, if possible,—with figures of a color to make a contrast; the whiteness of the shirt contrasting with a cravat of a gray ground either a little less dark or more deep than the coat. The toilet of a lady should be of the same shades, and in all cases black must be constantly avoided, as well as green and red."

M. Gouraud was not by any means the first person to attempt portraits in the United States. Notwithstanding the sceptical attitude of Daguerre in regard to the application of the art to living objects, Morse soon began to experiment with portraits, though it is interesting to note that in all his early attempts the subject's eyes are closed, that being considered one of the conditions essential to success. Morse's first experiments were with his daughter, taken singly or in a group with her young friends, in the full sunlight, with the eyes closed. The time of exposure was from ten to twenty minutes. He soon after made arrangements to experiment with his eminent friend and colleague, Professor John W. Draper, building for the purpose a photographic studio on the top of the University, and here Professor Draper claims to have made the first successful portrait ever made in America. This distinction is, however, often accredited to Mr. E. A. Wolcott, who was working along the same lines. Neither possessed any knowledge of the labors of the other, but results similar in character were arrived at by each operator, under slightly differing circumstances. Before M. Gouraud left for America a method had been found for taking the eyes fairly well, and it was this he applied in his lessons.

To realize to-day what the discovery meant, one must recall the means of portraiture then in existence; the brush, the pencil, and the engraver's tools were all of them. And as the operation of these depended on a skilful human hand, the product was limited and correspondingly expensive. The daguerreotype, however, was comparatively inexpensive, and any one could use the process who would give it attention. The simplicity of the operation, the mystery as well as the beauty of the result, the endless opportunity it offered—all this appealed to the ingenuity and imagination of young Americans of the intelligent class, and far and near they fell to daguerreotyping.

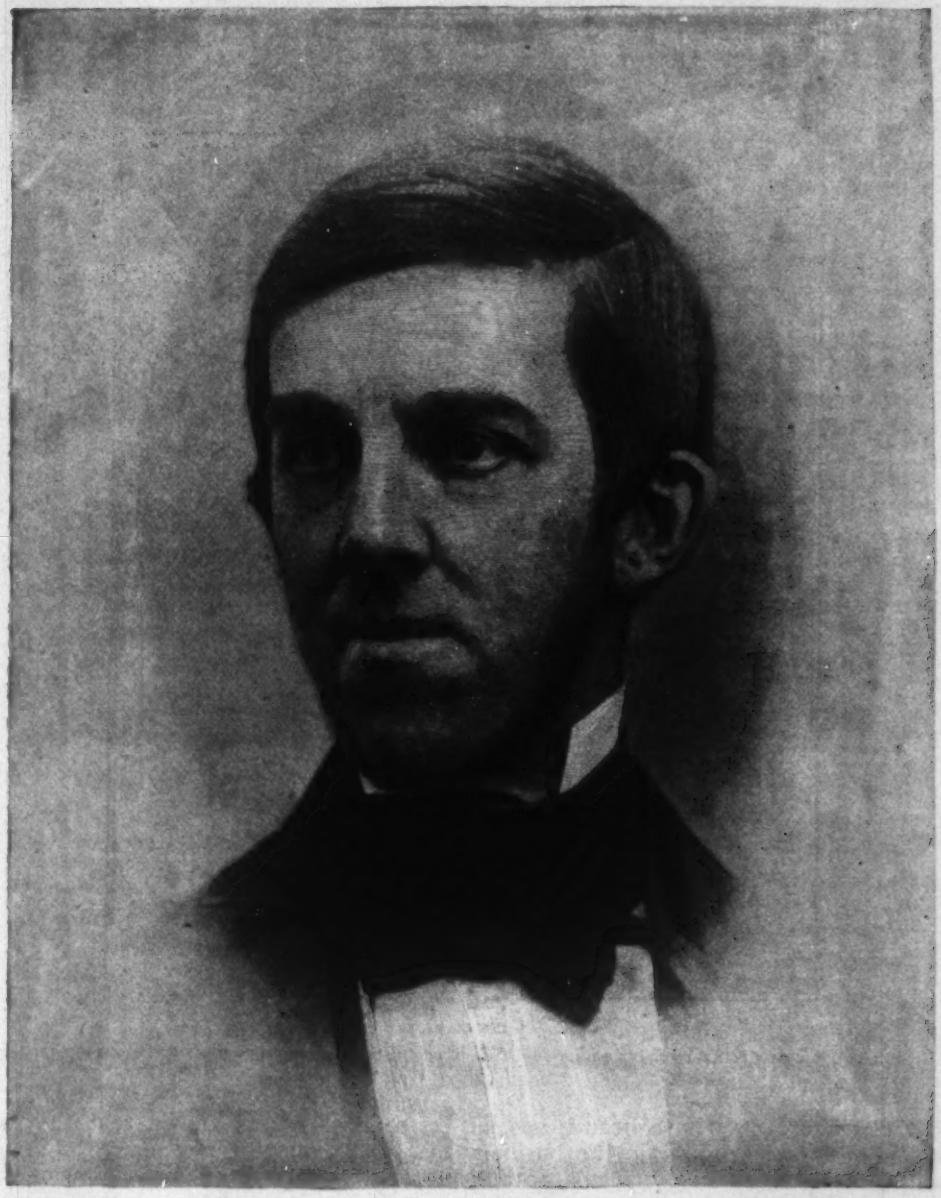
The way in which intelligent young men put the description of the process to test at once is charmingly told in a private letter to the author of this article by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale:

"My classmate and near friend, Mr. Samuel Longfellow (who died last year), and I were both much interested, and he repeated Talbot's experiments at once. I took from my window in Massachusetts Hall a picture of the college library—Harvard Hall—opposite me. The camera was a little camera made for the convenience of draughtsmen, with a common lens of an inch and a quarter. We were delighted, because, in a window of the building which 'sat for us,' a bust of Apollo 'came out' so distinctly as it did. It came out dark brown—all the lights and shades being marked. . . .

"The French Government paid Daguerre a handsome sum for his invention, and the whole detail was at once published in the 'Journal des Debats.' My father published the 'Boston Daily Advertiser,' so that he received the 'Debats' regularly, and my mother at once translated this article for the 'Advertiser.' You will find it a few weeks after the official publication in Paris. I now have the machine, or part of it, which I made, with my cousin, the late Mr. Francis A. Durivage, a well-known *litterateur* of New York, from these descriptions.

"Daguerre sent agents all over the world, or they came with his authority. François Gouraud came to Boston, and brought letters to my father. Mr. Francis Colby Gray, a leader in affairs of art in Boston, one of the directors of Harvard College, interested himself greatly in Gouraud, and arranged for him a class which met in the sacred precincts of the Massachusetts Historical Society. To say this in the Boston of that day, was as if you said the class met in the queen's private apartments at Windsor. Gouraud imported the apparatus and sold it. He had specimens of Daguerre's work, two of which, I believe, I still own. He arranged, I think, in Connecticut, for the manufacture of plates.

"M. Gouraud was impecunious, and I suspect that my father used to lend him money. I wish now that he had bought apparatus instead. Instead of that, we youngsters had to make our apparatus, and did. Mr. Durivage and I made at



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

least two sets, one of which I have a print of still.

"My first picture was of the church of which, queerly enough, I became a minister sixteen years after. It must have been in 1840 that, as soon as my work as a teacher in the Latin School stopped, I ran up to the corner of Castle Street and Washington Street, where we had borrowed a room. I prepared my plates a little larger than this sheet. I adjusted the camera, and then went on to the church and stood—eight minutes expired, I think—while my cousin took off the lens and put it on. I have often said, and I think it is true, that this was the first photograph of a man in Boston. I think Dr. Draper had taken many before this in New York. I am very sorry that I have not this plate. But plates cost us two dollars each. I was impecunious, as I have said, and after I had shown it to my friends, it took its turn under pumice stone and putty, and was ready for another picture.

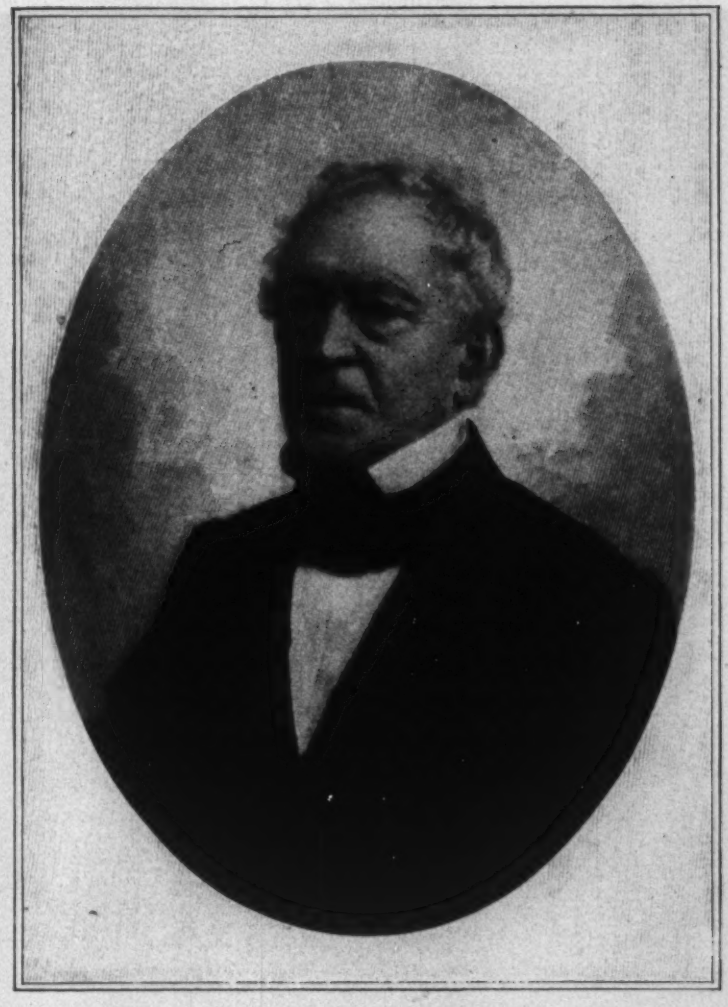
LOUIS KOSSUTH.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

"This picture may have been a special portrait of myself. Early in the business I sat with a mirror in my hands, in full sunshine. The mirror threw up the sun from below to abate the shadows. I sat in this light *five minutes*. The picture came out a capital portrait of my hair, ears, and *chin*. Alas! I had tipped my head too far back, and all that appeared were my projecting eyebrows and the orifices of both nostrils (no mouth, alas!), and the chin from below taking its place. So far as I know, this was the first portrait proper any of us ever attempted.

The commercial possibilities of the new invention were at once evident, and with Yankee shrewdness scores of young men learned the new art as a business. Morse and Draper themselves first gave the hint. As soon as it was known that they were making daguerreotypes many young men flocked to them for instruction. When they began to make portraits everybody wanted to sit. As both men had spent considerable money in experimenting with the process, they decided, finally, to charge for instruction and for portraits until they had recovered the outlay. But this was only for a short time, and as soon as the day of experiment was over, both took up other work.

By the end of 1840 the methods were sufficiently improved to justify practising them as a means of livelihood. Numerous galleries were opened in the cities, and the travelling-car penetrated into all parts of the country. By November, 1841, there were six studios in Boston, and a larger number in New York.



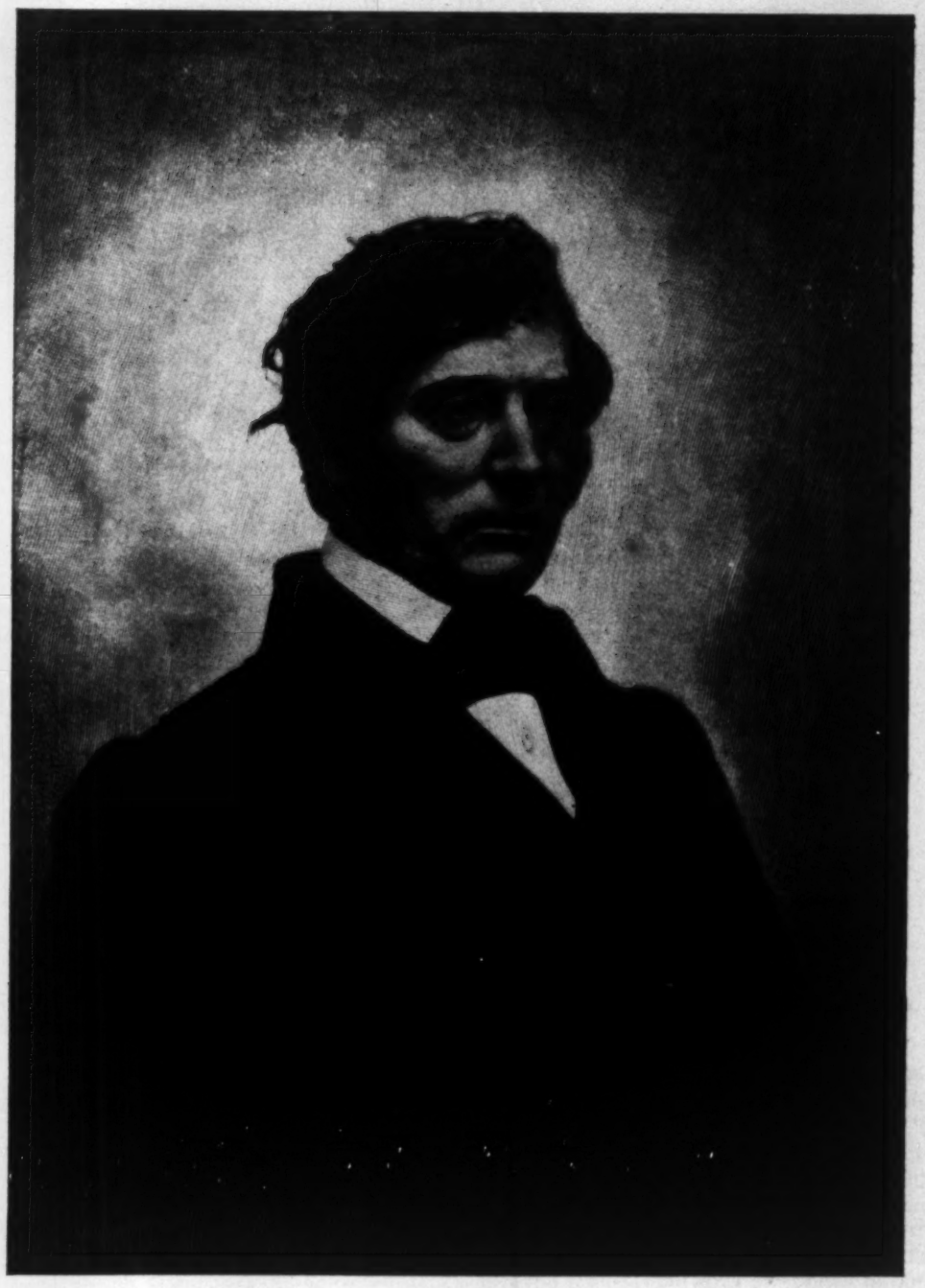
EDWARD EVERETT.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

The interest and curiosity of the general public in regard to these pictures painted by nature's own hand is not to be described. A small frame containing a half dozen pictures exhibited at door or window was constantly surrounded by crowds of eager spectators, and the guesses hazarded as to the method of their production were interesting to a degree. Families vied with one another as to which could show the most finely executed and elaborately finished portraits, and the collection of daguerreotypes on the ubiquitous centre table formed the leading topic of conversation at social gathering and casual call.

At first nearly all pictures were taken by side windows. The first skylight was erected at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, New York, on the top of the Granite Building, still standing there; and soon thereafter "skylight pictures" became a distinguished feature in the advertisements of the day.

Monday was looked upon as the best day for business, a fact owing almost wholly to the Sunday night courtship, the first outcome of which was the promise to exchange daguerreotypes. No less sure than Monday itself came the gentleman escorting his sweetheart. He selected the most expensive cases, and paid for both pictures. And it was a happy man in these instances that put the maiden's picture into his pocket, for he knew there was but one "counterfeit presentment" of her in existence, and he had it.



CHARLES SUMNER.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype owned by Peter Gilsey, Esq., New York.

The discreet daguerreotyper was never without his bit of sticking-wax to keep wing-shaped ears from standing out, nor his wads of cotton, called "plumpers," to fill out the hollow cheeks.

The discovery of gold in California was a great boon to the daguerreotyper, as every embryo miner embarking for the golden shore must have several portraits taken to leave with his family and friends. And whether he was going across the Isthmus or around the Horn, he must be

JENNY LIND.

From a carbon reproduction by Sherman and McHugh of an original daguerreotype taken and now owned by Josiah J. Hawes, Boston.

pictured with his entire kit—kettle, frying-pan, knife, fork, cup, pick-axe, shovel, and the invariable two revolvers in his belt. He must also carry with him pictures of parents, wife, children, and friends, destined often to become his sole companions in his rough mountain cabin, from which he would hardly part for all the gold in California.

Within eleven years from the time of the discovery, American daguerreotypers were the acknowledged leaders of the world, and numbered over 10,000. At the World's Fair in London in 1851 they were awarded the first prize for their unparallelled exhibition; and it was a common thing in England, France, and Germany to advertise to take daguerreotypes by the American process. Indeed, the best daguerreotypers in both London and Paris were Americans, Mayal and Thompson respectively.

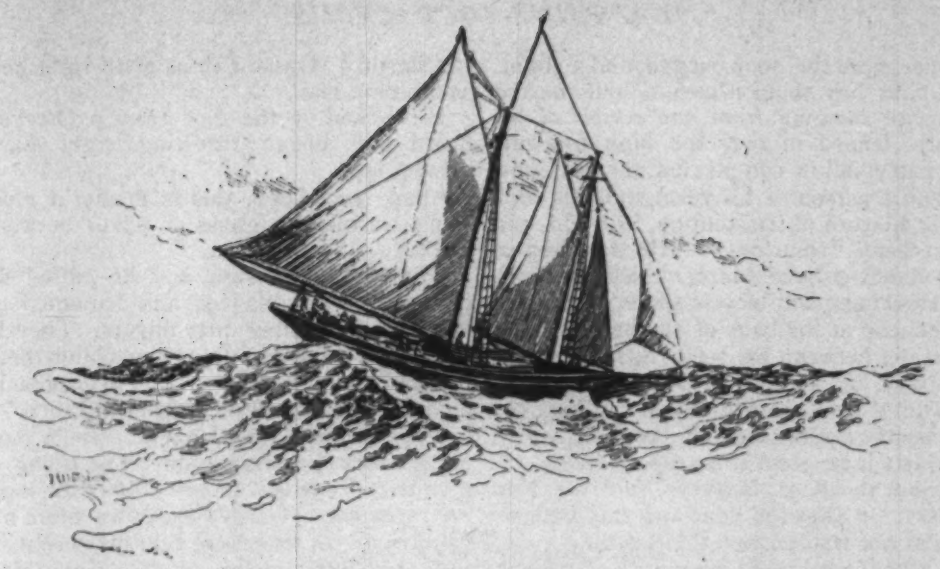
The time of exposure had been reduced to a few seconds, and the price had settled into a regular scale of from one dollar and a half to fifteen dollars, depending upon the size—which varied from the locket size to thirteen by fourteen inches—and the case. The most ordinary size was two and three-quarters by three inches, the price for it varying from two to three dollars.

Some of the early daguerreotypers attained a national, even world-wide, reputation for the noble contributions they made, not only to the art, but to the history of the country. Conspicuous among such is the late M. B. Brady, a full record of whose life would read like a romance.

His first studio was located in New York, in Fulton Street, at that time one of the principal thoroughfares. He afterwards moved to Broadway, near Prince Street; and, later still, "Brady's Famous National Gallery," at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, became widely known. He had also a studio in Brooklyn, and in 1860 opened a branch gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, which he finally made his headquarters. In 1861 Washington was thronged with men who were helping to make the history of America. Mr. Brady was far-seeing enough to realize this, and aimed to secure portraits of the most distinguished. In consequence he soon made his Washington gallery a celebrated rendezvous. He also sent out wagons for photographic use, which followed the army from place to place.

In the early days Gurney enjoyed no less reputation than Brady, and his daguerreotypes are still considered the finest specimens of the art in existence. Meade Brothers were distinguished as having, in the second story of the Astor House, the most spacious galleries in New York, and enjoyed the further distinction of being the only daguerreotypers in the world who had taken a portrait of Daguerre himself. Bogardus, Powelson, and Rickwell were also among the many well-known New York daguerreotypers of the early day, while Hale and French, Whipple and Black, Plum, and Southworth and Hawes were influential in giving Boston a leading position in the new art.

One of the earliest of the Boston galleries still exists, a dusty relic of the 40's. Any one who will take the trouble to climb three flights of stairs, at 19 Tremont Row, will find there the original studio of Southworth and Hawes, opened in 1841, and still presided over by Mr. Hawes, now a white-haired man of nearly ninety. In the old days, when this studio was opened, Tremont Row was the centre for the artists of the city. Here fully one-third of the portrait painters of Boston lived; here, too, were most of the sculptors, several engravers, and a goodly number of art-supply stores. In the building where Southworth and Hawes took their quarters, Greenough and Story both had studios, and in this same building Harriet Hosmer worked. All of the fraternity up and down the Row were deeply interested in the new discovery and were constant visitors at the gallery. Traversing Tremont Row to-day one would not dream that it had ever harbored skilled craftsmen and artists. Traffic and noise have crowded from it every sign of the finer pursuits of life. The most melancholy of commercial undertakings monopolize it—cheap bargain stores, employment bureaus, sweater shops. One remnant only of its former life remains, the ancient daguerreotype studio at the top of No. 19. Here are a half-dozen rooms furnished with ancient apparatus and appointments, and cluttered with the daguerreotypes and photographs of a half century of active work. For fifty-four years Mr. Hawes has practised his art in this place. Here have come to him for portraits the great men and women of his day in every profession and art—Webster and Pierce, Garrison and Sumner, Wendell Phillips and Jenny Lind, Charlotte Cushman and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mr. Hawes has in the specimens of his work an almost complete gallery of the eminent residents of Boston in the 40's and 50's, and of the prominent people who visited the city in the same period. The collection is of rare historical interest, and should be kept intact in some Boston museum, though it is doubtful if any one else would give it the reverent care that its white-haired owner does. Mr. Hawes has also a number of daguerreotypes made recently, for he is one of the few operators who remain loyal to the old process, and he would gladly see it take its place again as a method of portraiture. There are signs, too, that it may do this. During the last year there has been, indeed, a distinct revival of interest in the daguerreotype in this country. And with the much better knowledge we now have of all the scientific and mechanical principles involved, it could hardly be taken up again as a serious pursuit without being carried to even finer execution than it formerly attained.



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE weather door of the smoking-room had been left open to the heavy North Atlantic fog, as the big liner rolled and lifted through the greasy seas, whistling to warn the fishing-fleet.

"That Cheyne boy's the biggest nuisance aboard," said a man in a frieze overcoat, shutting the door with a bang. "He isn't wanted here. He's too fresh."

A white-haired German reached for a sandwich, and grunted between bites: "I know der breed. Ameriga is full of dot kind. I dell you you should imbort ropes' ends free under your dariff."

"Pshaw! There isn't any real harm to him. He's more to be pitied than anything," said a man from New York, as he lay at full length along the cushions under the wet skylight. "They've dragged him around from hotel to hotel ever since he was a kid. I was talking to his mother this morning. She's a lovely lady, but she don't pretend to manage him. He's going to Europe to finish his education."

"Education isn't begun yet." This was a Philadelphian, curled up in a corner. "That boy gets two hundred a month pocket-money, he told me. He isn't sixteen either."

"Railroads, his father, ain't it?" said the German.

"Yep. That and mines and lumber and shipping. Built one place at San Diego, the old man has; another at Los Angeles; owns half a dozen railroads, half the lumber on the Pacific slope, and lets his wife spend the money," the Philadelphian went on, lazily. "The West don't suit her, she says. She just tracks around with the boy and her nerves, trying to find out what'll amuse him. Florida, Adirondacks, Lakewood, Hot Springs, New York, and round again. He isn't much more than a second-hand hotel clerk now. When he's finished in Europe he'll be a holy terror."

"What's the matter with the old man attending to him personally?" said a voice from the frieze ulster.

"Old man's piling up the rocks. Don't want to be disturbed, I guess. He'll find out his error a few years hence. Pity, because there's a heap of good in him if you could get at it."

"Mit a rope's end, mit a rope's end," said the German.

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Once more the door banged, and a slight, slim-built boy about fifteen, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, leaned in over the high footway. His pasty yellow complexion did not show well on a person of his years, and his look was a mixture of irresolution, bravado, and very cheap "smartness." He was dressed in a cherry-colored blazer, knickerbockers, red stockings, and bicycle shoes, with a red flannel cap at the back of the head. After whistling between his teeth, as he eyed the company, he said in a loud, high voice: "Say, it's thick outside. You can hear the fish-boats squawking all around. Say, wouldn't it be great if we ran down one?"

"Shut the door, Harvey," said the New Yorker. "Shut the door and stay outside. You're not wanted here."

"Who'll stop me?" he answered deliberately. "Did *you* pay for my passage, Mister Martin? Guess I've as good right here as the next man."

HARVEY.

He picked up the dice from a checker-board and began throwing, right hand against left.

"Say, gen'elmen, this is deader'n mud. Can't we make a game of poker between us?"

There was no answer, and he puffed his cigarette, swung his legs, and drummed on the table with rather dirty fingers. Then he pulled out a roll of bills as if to count them.

"How's your mamma this afternoon?" a man said. "I didn't see her at lunch."

"In her stateroom, I guess. She's most always sick on the ocean. I'm going to give the stewardess fifteen dollars for looking after her. I don't go down more'n I can avoid. It makes me feel mysterious to pass that butler's pantry place. Say, this is the first time I've been on the ocean."

"Oh, don't apologize, Harvey."

"Who's apologizing? This is the first time I've crossed the ocean, gen'elmen, and, except the first day, I haven't been sick one little bit. *No*, sir." He brought down his fist with a triumphant bang, wetted his finger and went on counting the bills.

"Oh, you're a high-grade machine, with the writing in plain sight," the Philadelphian yawned. "You'll blossom into a credit to your country if you don't take care."

"I know it. I'm an American—first, last, and all the time. I'll show 'em that when I strike Europe. Pff! My cig's out. I can't smoke the truck the steward sells. Any gen'elman got a real Turkish cig on him?"

The chief engineer entered for a moment, red, smiling, and wet. "Say, Mac," cried Harvey cheerfully, "how are we hitting it?"

"Vara much in the ordinary way," was the grave reply. "The young are as polite as ever to their elders, an' their elders are e'en tryin' to appreciate it."

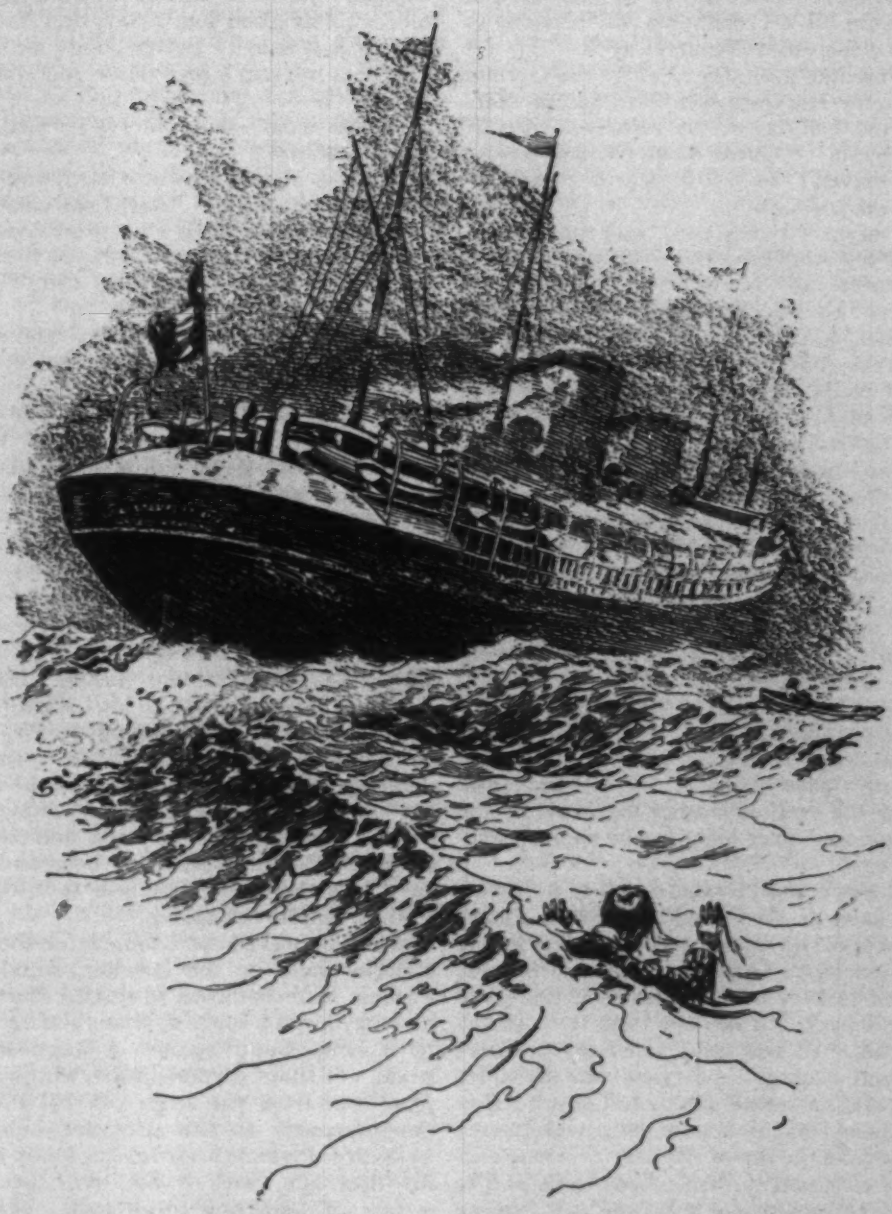
A low chuckle came from a corner. The German opened an old cigar-case and handed a skinny black cigar to Harvey.

"Dot is der broper apparatus to smoke, my young frient," he said. "You vill dry it? Yes? Den you vill be efer so happy."

Harvey lit the unlovely thing with a flourish: he felt that he was getting on in grown-up society.

"It would take more'n this to keel me over," he said, not knowing that he was lighting that terrible article, a Wheeling "stogy."

"Dot we shall bresently see," said the German. "Where are we now, Mr. Mactonal?"



"THEN A LOW, GRAY MOTHER-WAVE SWUNG OUT OF THE FOG, TUCKED HARVEY UNDER ONE ARM, SO TO SPEAK, AND PULLED HIM OFF AND AWAY TO LEEWARD."

"Just there or thereabouts, Mr. Schaefer," said the engineer. "We'll be on the Grand Bank to-night; but in a general way o' speakin', we're all among the fishing-fleet now. We've shaved three dories an' near skelped the boom off a Frenchman since noon, an' that's close sailin', ye may say."

"You like my 'stogy,' eh?" the German asked, for Harvey's eyes were full of tears.

"Fine, full flavor," he answered through shut teeth. "Guess we've slowed down a little, haven't we? I'll skip out and see what the log says."

"I might if I vhas you," said the German.

Harvey staggered over the wet decks to the nearest rail. He was very unhappy; but he saw the deck-steward lashing chairs together, and as he had boasted before the man that he was never seasick, his pride made him go aft to the second-saloon deck at the stern, which was finished in a turtle-back. The deck was deserted, and he crawled to the extreme end of it by the flag-pole. There he doubled up in limp agony, for the Wheeling "stogy" joined with the surge and jar of the screw to sieve out his soul. His head swelled; sparks of fire danced before his eyes; his body seemed to lose weight, while his heels wavered in the breeze. He was fainting from sea-sickness, and a roll of the ship tilted him over the rail on to the smooth, white lip of the turtle-back. Then a low, gray mother-wave swung out of the fog, tucked Harvey under one arm, so to speak, and pulled him off and away to leeward; the green closed over him, and he went quietly to sleep.

He was roused by the sound of a dinner-horn such as they used to blow at a summer-school he had once attended in the Adirondacks. Slowly he remembered that he was Harvey Cheyne, drowned and dead in mid-ocean, but was too weak to fit things together. A new smell filled his nostrils; wet and clammy coldnesses ran down his back, and he was helplessly full of salt water. He opened his eyes, and perceived that he was still on the top of the sea, for it was running round him in silver-colored hills, and he was lying on a pile of half-dead fish, looking at a broad human back clothed in a blue jersey.

"It's no good," thought the boy. "I'm dead, sure enough, and this thing is in charge."

He groaned, and the figure turned its head. He could see a pair of little gold rings hidden in curly black hair.

"Aha! You feel some pretty well now?" it said. "Lie still so we trim better."

With a swift jerk he sculled the flickering boat-head on to a foamless sea that lifted her twenty full feet only to slide her into the glassy pit beyond. But this mountain-climbing did not interrupt blue-jersey's talk. "Fine good job, *I* say, that I catch you. Eh, wha-at? Better good job, *I* say, your boat not catch me. How you come to fall so?"

"I was sick," said Harvey; "sick, and couldn't help it."

"Just in time I blow my horn, and your boat she yaw a little. Then I see you come all down. Eh, wha-at? I think you are cut into baits by the screw, but you dreeft—dreeft to me, and I make big fish of you; so you shall not die this time."

"Where am I?" said Harvey, who could not see that life was particularly safe where he lay.

"You are with me in the dory—Manuel my name, and I come from schooner 'We're Here' of Gloucester. I live to Gloucester. By and by we go to supper. Eh, wha-at?"

He seemed to have two pairs of hands and a head of cast-iron, for not content with blowing through a big conch-shell, he must needs stand up to it, swaying with the sway of the boat, and send a grinding, thuttering shriek through the fog. How long this entertainment lasted, Harvey could not remember, for he lay back terrified at the sight of the smoking swells. He fancied he heard a gun and a horn and shouting. Something bigger than the dory, but quite as lively, loomed alongside. Several voices talked at once, and he was dropped into a dark, heaving hole, and they gave him something hot, and took off his clothes, and he fell asleep.

When he waked he listened for the first breakfast-bell on the steamer, wondering why his stateroom was so small. Turning, he looked into a narrow, triangular cave, lit by a lamp hung against a huge square beam. A three-cornered table within arm's reach ran from the angle of the bows to the foremast. At the after end, behind a well-used Plymouth stove, sat a boy about his own age, with a flat, red face and a pair of twinkling, gray eyes. He was dressed in a blue jersey and high rubber boots. Several pairs of the same sort of foot-wear, an old cap, and some worn-out woollen socks lay on the floor, and black and yellow oilskins swayed to and fro beside the bunks. The whole place was packed as full of smells as a bale is of cotton. The oilskins had a peculiarly close flavor of their own which made a sort of background to the smells of fried fish, burnt

grease. paint, pepper, and stale tobacco; but these again were all hooped together by one encircling smell of ship and salt water. Harvey saw with disgust that there were no sheets on his bed-place. He was lying on a piece of dingy ticking full of lumps and nubbles. Then, too, the boat's motion was not that of a steamer. She was neither sliding nor rolling, but rather wriggling herself about in a silly, aimless way, like a colt at the end of a halter. Water-noises ran by close to his ear, and beams creaked and whined about him. All these things made him grunt despairingly and think of his mother.

"Feelin' better," said the boy, with a grin. "Hev some coffee?" He brought a tin cupful and sweetened it with molasses.

"Isn't there any milk?" said Harvey, looking round the dark double tier of bunks as if he expected to find a cow there.

"Well, no," said the boy. "Ner there ain't likely to be till 'baout mid-September. 'Tain't bad coffee. I made it."

Harvey drank in silence, and the boy handed him a plate full of pieces of fried pork which he ate ravenously.

"I've dried your clothes. Guess they've shrunk some," said the boy. "They ain't our style much—none of 'em. Twist round a piece back an' forth an' see ef you're hurt any."

Harvey stretched himself in every direction, but could not report any injuries.

"That's good," the boy said heartily. "Fix yerself an' go on deck. Dad wants to see you. I'm his son—Dan, they call me—an' I'm cook's helper an' everything else aboard that's too dirty for the men. There ain't no boy here 'cep' me since Otto went overboard—an' he was only a Dutchy, an' twenty year old at that. How d'you come to fall off in a dead flat ca'am?"

"'Twasn't a calm," said Harvey, sulkily. "It was a gale, and I was seasick; guess I must have rolled over the rail."

"There was a little common swell yesterday an' last night," said the boy. "But ef thet's your notion of a gale—" He whistled. "You'll know more 'fore you're through. Hurry! Dad's waitin'."

Like many other unfortunate young people, Harvey had never in all his life received a direct order—never, at least, without long, and sometimes tearful, explanations of the advantages of obedience and the reasons for the request. Mrs. Cheyne lived in fear of breaking his spirit, which, perhaps, was the reason that she herself walked on the edge of nervous prostration. He could not see why he should be expected to hurry for any man's pleasure, and said so. "Your dad can come down here if he's so anxious to talk to me. I want him to take me to New York at once. It'll pay him."

Dan opened his eyes, as the size and beauty of this joke dawned on him. "Say, dad," he shouted up the foc'sle hatch. "He says you kin slip down an' see him ef you're anxious that way. Hear, dad?"

The answer came back in the deepest voice Harvey had ever heard from a human chest: "Quit foolin', Dan, and send him to me."

Dan sniggered, and threw Harvey his warped bicycle shoes. There was something in the tones on the deck that made the boy dissemble his extreme rage and console himself with the thought of gradually unfolding the tale of his own and his father's wealth on the voyage home. This rescue would certainly make him a hero among his friends for life. He hoisted himself on deck up a perpendicular ladder, and stumbled aft, over a score of obstructions, to where a small, thick-set, clean-shaven man with gray eyebrows sat on a step that led up to the quarter-deck. The swell had passed in the night, leaving a long, oily sea, dotted round the horizon with the sails of a dozen fishing-boats. Between them lay little black specks, showing where the dories were out fishing. The schooner, with a triangular riding-sail on the mainmast, played easily at anchor, and except for the man by the cabin roof—"house," they call it—she was deserted.

"Mornin'—Good afternoon, I should say. You've nigh slep' the clock around, young feller," was the greeting.

"Mornin'," said Harvey. He did not like being called "young feller;" and, as one rescued from drowning, expected sympathy. His mother suffered agonies whenever he got his feet wet, but this man did not seem excited.

"Naow let's hear all abaout it. It's quite providential, first an' last, fer all concerned. What might be your name? Where from (we mistrust it's Noo York), an' where bound (we mistrust it's Europe)?"

Harvey gave his name, the name of the steamer, and a short history of the accident, winding up with a demand to be taken back immediately to New York, where his father would pay anything anyone chose to name.

"H'm," said the shaven man, quite unmoved by the end of Harvey's speech. "I can't say we think special of any man, or boy even, that falls overboard from that kind o'

packet in a flat ca'am. Least of all when his excuse is that he's seasick."

"Excuse!" cried Harvey. "D'you suppose I'd fall overboard into your dirty little boat for fun?"

"Not knowin' what your notions o' fun may be, I can't rightly say, young feller. But if I was *you*, I wouldn't call the boat which, under Providence, was the means o' savin' ye', names. In the first place, it's blame irreligious. In the second, it's annoyin' to my feelin's—an' I'm Disko Troop o' the 'We're Here' o' Gloucester, which you don't seem rightly to know."

"I don't know and I don't care," said Harvey. "I'm grateful enough for being saved and all that; but I want you to understand that the sooner you take me back to New York the better it'll pay you."

"Meanin'—haow?" Troop raised one shaggy eyebrow over a suspiciously mild blue eye.

"Dollars and cents," said Harvey, delighted to think that he was making an impression. "Cold dollars and cents." He stuck one hand into a pocket, and threw out his stomach a little, which was his way of being grand. "You've done the best day's work you ever did in your life when you pulled me in. I'm all the son Harvey Cheyne has."

"He's bin favored," said Disko, dryly.

"And if you don't know who Harvey Cheyne is, you don't know much—that's all. Now turn her around and let's hurry."

Harvey had a notion that the greater part of America was filled with people discussing and envying his father's dollars.

"Mebbe I do, an' mebbe I don't. Take a reef in your stummick, young feller. It's full o' *my* vittles."

Harvey heard a chuckle from Dan, who was pretending to be busy by the stump-foremast, and the blood rushed to his face. "We'll pay for that too," he said. "When do you suppose we shall get to New York?"

"I don't use Noo York any. Ner Boston. We may see Eastern Point abaout September, an' your pa—I'm real sorry I hain't heerd tell of him—may give me ten dollars efter all your talk. Then o' course he mayn't."

"Ten dollars! Why, see here, I—" Harvey dived into his pocket for the wad of bills. All he brought up was a soggy packet of cigarettes.

"Not lawful currency, an' bad for the lungs. Heave 'em overboard, young feller, an' try agin."

"It's been stolen!" cried Harvey, hotly.

"You'll hev to wait till you see your pa, to reward me, then?"

"A hundred and thirty-four dollars—all stolen," said Harvey, hunting wildly through his pockets. "Give them back."

A curious change flitted across old Troop's hard face. "What might you have been doin' with one hundred an' thirty-four dollars, young feller?"

"It was part of my pocket-money—for a month." This Harvey thought would be a knock-down blow, and it was—indirectly.

"Oh! One hundred and thirty-four dollars is only part of his pocket-money for one month only! You don't remember hittin' anything when you fell over, do you? Crack agin a stanchion, less say? Old man Hasken o' the 'East Wind'"—Troop seemed to be talking to himself—"he tripped on a hatch an' butted the mainmast with his head—hardish. 'Baout three weeks afterwards, old man Hasken he would hev it that the 'East Wind' was a commerce-destroyin' man-o'-war, an' so he declared war on Sable Island because it was Bridish, an' the shoals run aout too far. They sewed him up in a bed-bag, his head an' feet appearin', fer the rest o' the trip, an' now he's to home at Essex playin' with little rag dolls."

Harvey choked with rage, but Troop went on consolingly, "We're sorry fer you. We're very sorry fer you—an' so young. We won't say no more abaout the money, I guess."

"Course you won't. You stole it."

"Suit yourself. We stole it ef it's any comfort to you. Naow, abaout goin' back. Allowin' we could do it, which we can't, you ain't in no fit state to go back to your home, an' *we've* jest come on to the Banks workin' fer our bread. *We* don't see the ha'af of a hundred dollars a month, let alone pocket-money; an' with good luck we'll be ashore again somewheres about the first weeks o' September."

"But—but it's May now, and I can't stay here doin' nothing just because you want to fish. I *can't*, I tell you!"

"Right an' jest; jest *an'* right. No one asks you to do nothin'. There's a heap as you *can* do, for Otto he went overboard on Le Have. I mistrust he lost his grip in a gale we f'und there. Anyways he never come back to deny it. *You've* turned up, plain, plumb providential for all concerned. I mistrust, though, there's ruther few things you kin do. Ain't thet so?"

"I can make it lively for you and your men when we get ashore," said Harvey, with a vicious nod, murmuring vague threats

about "piracy," at which Troop almost—not quite—smiled.

"Excep' talk. I'd forgot that. You ain't asked to talk more'n you've a mind to aboard the 'We're Here.' Keep your eyes open, an' help Dan to do ez he's bid, an' sechlike, an' I'll give you—you ain't wuth it, but I'll give—ten an' a ha'af a month; say thirty-five at the end o' the trip. A little work will kind o' ease up your pore head, an' you kin tell us all abaout your dad an' your ma an' your money afterwards."

"She's on the steamer," said Harvey, his eyes filling with tears. "Take me to New York at once."

"Poor woman — poor woman! When she has you back she'll forgit it all, though. There's nine of us on the 'We're Here,' an' ef we went back naow—it's more 'n a thousand mile—we'd lose the season. The men they wouldn't hev it, even ef I wuz agreeable."

"But my father would make it all right."

"He'd try. I don't doubt he'd try," said Troop, "but a whole season's catch is eight men's bread; an' you'll be better in your health when you see him in the fall. Go forward an' help Dan. It's ten an' a ha'af a month, ez I said, an', o' course, all f'und, same ez the rest o' us."

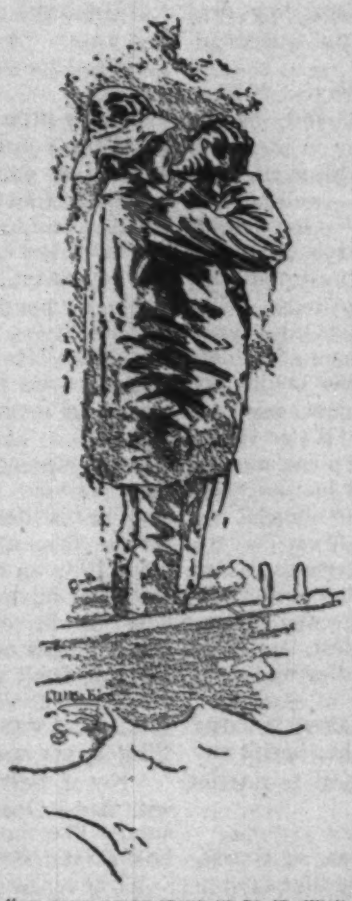
"Do you mean that I am to clean pots and pans and things?" said Harvey.

"An' other things. You've no call to shout, young feller."

"I won't! My father will give you enough to buy this dirty little fish-kettle"—Harvey stamped on the deck—"ten times over, if you take me to New York safe; and—and—you're in a hundred and thirty by me anyway."

"Ha-ow?" said Troop, the iron face darkening.

"How? You know how, well enough. On top of all that, you want me to do menial work"—Harvey was very proud of that adjective—"till the fall. I tell you I will not. You hear?"



"HE MUST NEEDS STAND UP TO IT, SWAYING WITH THE SWAY OF THE BOAT, AND SEND A GRINDING, THUTTERING SHRIEK THROUGH THE FOG."

Troop regarded the top of the mainmast with deep interest for awhile, as Harvey harangued fiercely all around him in the afternoon light.

"Hsh!" he said at last. "I'm figurin' out my responsibilities in my own mind. It's a matter o' jedgment."

Dan stole up and plucked Harvey by the elbow. "Don't go to tamperin' with dad any more," he pleaded. "You've called him a thief two or three times over, an' he don't take that from any livin' bein'."

"I won't!" Harvey almost shrieked, and still Troop meditated.

"Seems kinder unneighborly," he said at last, his eye travelling down to Harvey. "I don't blame you, not a mite, young feller, nor you won't blame me when the bile's out o' your systim. Be sure you sense what I say? Ten an' a ha'af fer second boy on the schooner—an' all f'und—for to teach you *an'* fer the sake o' your health. Yes or no?"

"No!" said Harvey. "Take me back to New York or I'll see you—"

He did not exactly remember what followed. He was lying in the scuppers, holding on to a nose that bled, while Troop looked down on him serenely.

"Dan," he said to his son, "I was sot agin this young feller when I first saw him, on account o' hasty jedgments. Never you be led astray by hasty jedgments, Dan. Naow I'm sorry for him because he's plumb distracted in his upper works. He ain't responsible fer the names he's give me, nor fer his other statements—ner fer jumpin' overboard, which I'm abaout ha'af convinced he did. You be gentle with him, Dan, 'r I'll give you twice what I've give him. Them hemmeridges clears the head. Let him sluice it off!"

Troop went down solemnly into the cabin, where he and the older men bunked, leaving Dan to comfort the luckless heir to thirty millions.

CHAPTER II.

"I WARNED ye," said Dan, as the drops fell thick and fast on the dark, oiled planking. "Dad ain't noways hasty, but you fair earned it. Pshaw! there's no sense takin' on so." Harvey's shoulders were rising and falling in spasms of sobbing. "I know the feelin'. First time dad laid me out was the last—and that was my first trip. Makes ye feel sickish an' lonesome. *I* know."

"It does," moaned Harvey. "That man's either crazy or drunk, and—and I can't do anything."

"Don't say that to dad," whispered Dan. "He's set agin all liquor, an'—well he told me *you* was the madman. What in creation made you call him a thief? He's my dad."

Harvey sat up, mopped his nose, and told the story of the missing wad of bills. "I'm not crazy," he wound up. "Only—your father has never seen more than a five dollar bill at a time, and *my* father could buy up this boat once a week and never miss it."

"You don't know what the 'We're Here' 's worth. Your dad must hev a pile o' money. How did he git it? Dad sez loonies can't shake out a straight yarn. Go ahead."

"In gold mines and things, West."

"I've read o' that kind o' business. Out West, too? Does he go around with a pistol on a trick-pony, same ez the circus. They call that the Wild West, and I've heard that their spurs an' bridles wuz solid silver."

"You *are* a chump!" said Harvey, amused in spite of himself. "My father hasn't any use for ponies. When he wants to ride he takes his car."

"Haow? Lobster-car?"

"No. His own private car, of course. You've seen a private car some time in your life?"

"Slatin Beeman he hez one," said Dan, cautiously. "I saw her at the Union Depot in Boston, with three niggers hoggin' her run." [Dan meant cleaning the windows.] "But Slatin Beeman he owns 'baout every railroad on Long Island, they say; an' they say he's bought 'baout ha'af Noo Hampshire an' run a line-fence round her, an' filled her up with lions an' tigers an' bears an' buffalo an' crocodiles an' such all. Slatin Beeman he's a millionnaire. I've seen *his* car. Yes!"

"Well, my father's what they call a multi-millionnaire; and he has two private cars. One's named for me, the 'Harvey,' and one for my mother, the 'Constance.'"

"Hold on," said Dan. "Dad don't ever let me swear, but I guess *you* can. 'Fore we go ahead, I want you to hope you may die if you're lying."

"Of course," said Harvey.

"Thet ain't 'nuff. Say, 'Hope I may die if I ain't speakin' truth.'"

"Hope I may die right here," said Harvey, "if every word I've spoken isn't the cold truth."

"Hundred an' thirty dollars an' all?" said Dan. "I heard ye talkin' to dad, an' I looked you'd be swallered up, same's Jonah."

Harvey protested himself red in the face. Dan was a shrewd young person along his own lines, and ten minutes' questioning convinced him that Harvey was not lying—much. Besides, he had bound himself by the most terrible oath known to boyhood, and yet he sat, alive, with a red-ended nose, in the scuppers, recounting marvels upon marvels.

"Gosh!" said Dan at last from the very bottom of his soul when Harvey had completed an inventory of the car named in his honor. Then a grin of mischievous delight overspread his broad face. "I believe you, Harvey. Dad's made a mistake fer once in his life."

"He has, sure," said Harvey, who was meditating an early revenge.

"He'll be mad clear through. Dad jest hates to be mistook in his judgments." Dan lay back and slapped his thigh. "Oh, Harvey, don't you spile the catch by lettin' on."

"I don't want to be knocked down again. I'll get even with him, though."

"Never heerd any man ever got even with dad. But he'd knock ye down again sure. The more he was mistook the more he'd do it. But, gold mines *and* pistols—"

"I never said a word about pistols," Harvey cut in, for he was on his oath.

"Thet's so; no more you did. Two private cars, then, one named fer you an' one fer her; an' two hundred dollars a month pocket-money, all knocked into the scuppers fer not workin' fer ten an' a ha'af a month! It's the top haul o' the season." He exploded with noiseless chuckles.

"Then I was right?" said Harvey, who thought he had found a sympathizer.

"You was wrong; the wrongest kind o' wrong! You take right hold an' pitch in 'longside o' me, or you'll catch it, an' I'll catch it fer backin' you up. Dad always gives me double helps 'cause I'm his son, an' he hates favorin' folk. Guess you're kinder mad at dad. I've been that way

time an' again. But dad's a mighty jest man; all the fleet says so."

"Looks like justice, this, doesn't it?" Harvey pointed to his outraged nose.

"Thet's nothin'. Lets the shore blood outer you. Dad did it for yer health. Say, though, I can't have dealin's with a man that thinks me or dad or anyone on the 'We're Here' 's a thief. We ain't any common wharf-end crowd by any manner o' means. We're fishermen, an' we've shipped together for six years an' more. Don't you make any mistake on *that!* I told ye dad don't let me swear. He calls 'em vain oaths, and pounds me; but ef I could say what you said about your pap an' his fixin's, I'd say that about your dollars. I dunno what was in your pockets when I dried your kit, fer I didn't look to see; but I'd say, using the very same words ez you used jest now, neither me nor dad—an' we was the only two that teched you after you was brought aboard—knows anythin' about the money. Thet's *my* say. Naow?"

The blood-letting had certainly cleared Harvey's brain, and maybe the loneliness of the sea had something to do with it. "That's all right," he said. Then he looked down confusedly. "Seems to me that for a fellow just saved from drowning I haven't been over and above grateful, Dan."

"Well, you was shook up and silly," said Dan. "Anyway, there was only dad an' me aboard to see it. The cook he don't count."

"I might have thought about losing the bills that way," Harvey said half to himself, "instead of calling everybody in sight a thief. Where's your father?"

"In the cabin. What d' you want o' him again?"

"You'll see," said Harvey, and he stepped, rather groggily, for his head was still singing, to the cabin steps, where the little ship's clock hung in plain sight of the wheel. Troop was busy in the chocolate and yellow painted cabin with a note-book and an enormous black pencil, which he sucked hard from time to time.

"I haven't acted quite right," said Harvey, surprised at his own meekness.

"What's wrong naow?" said the skipper. "Walked into Dan, hev ye?"

"No; it's about you."

"I'm here to listen."

"Well I—I'm here to take things back," said Harvey, very quickly. "When a man's saved from drowning—" he gulped.

"Ey? You'll make a man yet ef you go on this way."

"He oughtn't begin by calling people names."

"Jest an' right—right an' jest," said Troop, with the ghost of a dry smile.

"So I'm here to say I'm sorry." Another big gulp.

Troop heaved himself slowly off the locker he was sitting on and held out an eleven-inch hand. "I mistrusted 'twould do you sights o' good; an' this shows I weren't mistook in my judgments." A smothered chuckle on deck caught his ear. "I am very seldom mistook in my judgments." The eleven-inch hand closed on Harvey's, numbing it to the elbow. "We'll put a little more gristle to that 'fore we've done with you, young feller; an' I don't think any worse of ye fer anythin' thet's gone by. You wasn't rightly responsible. Go right abaout your business an' you won't take no hurt."

"You're white," said Dan, as Harvey regained the deck.

"I don't feel it," said he.

"I didn't mean that way. I heard what dad said. When dad allows he don't think the worse of any man, dad's give himself away. He hates to be mistook in his judgments too. Ho! ho! Onst dad *has* a judgment, he'd sooner dip his colours to the Bridish than change it. I'm glad it's settled right eend up. Dad's right when he says he can't take you back. It's all the livin' we make here—fishin'. The men'll be back like sharks after a dead whale in ha'af an hour."

"What for?" said Harvey.

"Supper, o' course. Don't your stummick tell you? You've a heap to learn."

"Guess I have," said Harvey, dolefully, looking at the tangle of ropes and blocks overhead.

"She's a daisy," said Dan, enthusiastically, misunderstanding the look. "Wait till our mainsail's bent, an' she walks home with all her salt wet. There's some work first, though." He pointed down into the darkness of the open main-hatch between the two masts.

"What's that for? It's all empty," said Harvey.

"You an' me an' a few more hev got to fill it," said Dan. "That's where the fish goes."

"Alive?" said Harvey.

"Well, no. They're so's to be ruther dead an' flat an' salt. There's a hundred hogshead o' salt in the bins; an' we hain't more'n covered our dunnage to now."

"Where are the fish, though?"

"In the sea they say; in the boats we pray," said Dan, quoting a fisherman's prov-

erb. "You come in last night with 'baout forty of 'em."

He pointed to a sort of wooden pen just in front of the quarter-deck.

"You an' me we'll sluice that out when they're through. 'Send we'll hev full pens to-night! I've seen her down ha'af a foot with fish waitin' to clean, an' we stood to the tables till we was splittin ourselves instid o' them we was so sleepy. Yes, they're comin' in naow." Dan looked over the low bulwarks at half a dozen dories rowing towards them over the shining, silky sea.

"I've never seen the sea from so low down," said Harvey. "It's fine."

The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shades in the hollows. Each schooner in sight seemed to be pulling her dories towards her by invisible strings, and the little black figures in the tiny boats pulled like clockwork toys.

"They've struck on good," said Dan, between his half-shut eyes. "Manuel hain't room fer another fish. Low ez a lily-pad in still water; ain't he?"

"Which is Manuel? I don't see how you can tell 'em 'way off, as you do."

"Last boat to the south'ard. He f'und you last night," said Dan, pointing. "Manuel rows Portugoosey; ye can't mistake him. East o' him—*he's* a heap better'n he rows—is Pennsylvania. Loaded with saleratus by the looks of him. East o' him—see how pretty they string out all along—with the humpy shoulders—is Long Jack. He's a Galway man inhabitin' South Boston, where they all live mostly, an' mostly them Galway men are good in a boat. North, away yonder—you'll hear him tune up in a minute—is Tom Platt. Man-o'-war's man he was on the old "Ohio"—first of our navy, he says, to go araound the Horn. He never talks of much else, 'cept when he sings, but he has fair fishin' luck. There! What did I tell you?"

A melodious bellow stole across the water from the northern dory. Harvey heard something about somebody's hands and feet being cold, and then:

> "Bring forth the chart, the doleful chart,
> See where them mountings meet!
> The clouds are thick around their heads,
> The mists around their feet."

"Full boat," said Dan, with a chuckle. "If he gives us 'O Captain' it's toppin' full, sure enough."

The bellow continued:

> "And naow to thee, O Capting,
> Most earnestly I pray,
> That they shall never bury me
> In church or cloister gray."

"Double game for Tom Platt. He'll tell you all about the old 'Ohio' to-morrow. See that blue dory behind him? He's my uncle—dad's own brother—an' ef there's any bad luck loose on the Banks she'll fetch up agin Uncle Salters, sure. Look how tender he's rowin'. I'll lay my wage and share he's the only man stung up to-day—an' he's stung up good."

"What'll sting him?" said Harvey, getting interested.

"Strawberries mostly. Punkins sometimes, an' sometimes lemons an' cucumbers. Yes, he's stung up from his elbows down. That man's luck's perfectly paralyzin'. Naow we'll take a holt o' the tackles an' hist 'em in. Is it true what you told me jest now, that you never done a hand's turn o' work in all your born life? Must feel kinder awful, don't it?"

"I'm going to try to work anyway," Harvey replied, stoutly. "Only it's all dead new."

"Lay a holt o' that tackle, then. Behind ye!"

Harvey grabbed at a rope and long iron hook dangling from one of the stays of the mainmast, while Dan pulled down another that ran from something he called a "topping lift," as Manuel drew alongside in his loaded dory. The Portuguese smiled a brilliant smile that Harvey learned to know well later, and with a short-handled fork began to throw fish into the pen on deck. "Two hundred and thirty-one," he shouted.

"Now give him the hook," said Dan, an' Harvey ran it into Manuel's hands. He slipped it through a loop of rope at the dory's bow, caught Dan's tackle, hooked it to the stern-becket, and clambered into the schooner.

"Pull!" shouted Dan, and Harvey pulled, astonished to find how easily the dory rose.

"Hold on, she don't nest in the cross-trees!" Dan laughed; and Harvey held on, for the boat lay in the air above his head.

"Lower away," Dan shouted, and as Harvey lowered, Dan swayed the light boat with one hand till it landed softly just behind the mainmast. "They don't weigh nothin' empty. Thet was right smart fer a —— passenger. There's more trick to it in a sea way."

"Ah ha!" said Manuel, holding out a brown hand. "You are some pretty well

"'EXCUSE!' CRIED HARVEY. 'D'YOU SUPPOSE I'D FALL OVERBOARD INTO YOUR DIRTY LITTLE BOAT FOR FUN?"

now? This time last night the fish they fish for you. Now you fish for fish. Eh, wha-at?"

"I'm—I'm ever so grateful," Harvey stammered, and his unfortunate hand stole to his pocket once more, but he remembered that he had no money to offer. When he knew Manuel better the mere thought of the mistake he might have made would cover him with hot uneasy blushes in his bunk.

"There is no to be thankful for to *me!*" said Manuel. "How shall I leave you dreeft, dreeft all around the Banks? Now you are a fisherman—eh, wha-at? Ouh! Auh!" He bent backwards and forwards stiffly from the hips to get the kinks out of himself.

"I have not cleaned boat to-day. Too busy. They struck on queek. Danny, my son, clean for me."

Harvey moved forward at once. Here was something he could do for the man who had saved his life.

Dan threw him a swab, and he leaned over the dory, mopping up the slime, clumsily, but with great good will. "Hike out them foot-boards; they slide in them grooves," said Dan. "Swab 'em an' lay 'em down. Never let a foot-board jam. Ye may want her bad some day. Here's Long Jack."

A stream of glittering fish flew into the pen from a dory alongside.

"Manuel, you take the tackle. I'll fix the tables. Harvey, clear Manuel's boat. Long Jack's nestin' on the top of her."

Harvey looked up from his swabbing at the bottom of another dory just above his head.

"Jest like the Injian puzzle-boxes, ain't they?" said Dan, as the one boat dropped into the other.

"Takes to ut like a duck to water," said Long Jack, a grizzly-chinned, long-lipped

Galway man, bending to and fro exactly as Manuel had done. Disko in the cabin growled up the hatchway, and they could hear him suck his pencil.

"Wan hunder an' forty-nine an' a half—bad luck to ye, Discobolus," said Long Jack. "I'm murderin' meself to fill your pockuts. Slate ut for a bad catch. The Portugee has bate me."

Whack came another dory alongside, and more fish shot into the pen.

"Two hundred and three. Let's look at the passenger!" The speaker was even larger than the Galway man, and his face was made curious by a purple cut running slantways from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

Not knowing what else to do, Harvey swabbed each dory as it came down, pulled out the foot-boards, and laid them in the bottom of the boat.

"He's caught on good," said the scarred man, who was Tom Platt, watching him critically. "There are two ways o' doin' everything. One's fisher-fashion—any end first an' a slippery hitch over all—an' the other's—"

"What we did on the 'Ohio'!" Dan interrupted, brushing into the knot of men with a long board on legs. "Git out o' here, Tom Platt, an' leave me fix the tables."

He jammed one end of the board into two nicks in the bulwarks, kicked out the leg, and ducked just in time to avoid a swinging blow from the man-o'-war's man.

"An' they did that on the 'Ohio,' too, Danny. See?" said Tom Platt, laughing.

"Guess they was swivel-eyed, then, fer it didn't git home, and I know who'll find his boots on the main-truck ef he don't leave us alone. Haul ahead! I'm busy, can't ye see?"

"Danny, ye lie on the cable an' sleep all day," said Long Jack. "You're the hoight av impidence, an' I'm persuaded ye'll corrupt our supercargo in a week."

"His name's Harvey," said Dan, waving two strangely shaped knives, "an' he'll be worth five of any Sou' Boston clam-digger 'fore long." He laid the knives tastefully on the table, cocked his head on one side, and admired the effect.

"*I* think it's forty-two," said a small voice overside, and there was a roar of laughter as another voice answered, "Then my luck's turned fer onct, 'caze I'm forty-five, though I be stung outer all shape."

"Forty-two *or* forty-five. I've lost count," the small voice said.

"It's 'Penn' an' Uncle Salters caountin' catch. This beats the circus any day," said Dan. "Jest look at 'em!"

"Come in—come in!" roared Long Jack. "It's wet out yondher, children."

"Forty-two, ye said." This was Uncle Salters.

"I'll count again, then," the voice replied meekly.

The two dories swung together and bunted into the schooner's side.

"Patience o' Jerusalem!" snapped Uncle Salters, backing water with a splash. "What possest a farmer like you to set foot in a boat beats me. You've nigh stove me all up."

"I am sorry, Mr. Salters. I came to sea on account of nervous dyspepsia. You advised me, I think." The men looked down with deep enjoyment on the skirmish.

"You an' your nervis dyspepsy be drowned in the Whale-hole," roared Uncle Salters, a fat and tubly little man. "You're comin' down on me agin. *Did* ye say forty-two or forty-five?"

"I've forgotten, Mr. Salters. Let's count."

"Don't see as it *could* be forty-five. *I'm* forty-five," said Uncle Salters. "You count keerful, Penn."

Disko Troop came out of the cabin. "Salters, you pitch your fish in naow at once," he said in the tone of authority.

"Don't spile the catch, dad," Dan murmured. "Them two are on'y jest beginnin.'"

"Mother av delight! He's forkin' them wan by wan," howled Long Jack, as Uncle Salters got to work laboriously; the little man in the other dory counting a line of notches on the gunwale.

"That was last week's catch," he said, looking up plaintively, his forefinger where he had left off.

Manuel nudged Dan, who darted to the aftertackle, and leaning far overside slipped the hook into the stern rope as Manuel made her fast forward. The others pulled gallantly and swung the boat in—man, fish, and all.

"One, two, four—nine," said Tom Platt, counting with a practised eye. "Forty-seven. Penn, you're it!" Dan let the aftertackle run and slid him out of the stern on to the deck amid a torrent of his own fish.

"Hold on," roared Uncle Salters, bobbing by the waist. "Hold on, I'm a bit mixed in my caount."

He had no time to protest, but was hove inboard and treated like "Pennsylvania."

"Forty-one," said Tom Platt. "Beat by a farmer, Salters. An' you sech a sailor, too!"

"'Twern't fair caount," said he, stumbling

out of the pen; "an' I'm stung up all to pieces."

His thick hands were puffy and mottled purply white.

"Some folks will find strawberry-bottom," said Dan, addressing the newly-risen moon, "ef they hev to dive fer it, seems to me."

"An' others," said Uncle Salters, "eats the fat o' the land in sloth an' mocks their own blood-kin."

"Seat ye! Seat ye!" a voice Harvey had not heard called from the foc'sle. Disko Troop, Tom Platt, "Long" Jack, and Salters went forward on the word. Little Penn bent above his square deep-sea reel, which was in tangled confusion. Manuel lay down full length on the deck; and Dan dropped into the hold, where Harvey heard him banging with a hammer.

"Salt," he said, returning. "Soon as we're through we git to dressing down. You'll pitch to dad. Tom Platt an' dad they stow together, an' you'll hear 'em arguin'. We're second ha'af, you an' me an' Manuel an' Penn—the youth an' beauty o' the boat."

"What's the good of that?" said Harvey. "I'm hungry."

"They'll be through in a minute. Snff! She smells good to-night. Dad ships a good cook ef he *do* suffer with his brother. It's a full catch to-day, ain't it?" He pointed at the pens piled high with cod. "What water did ye hev, Manuel?"

"Twenty-fife father," said the Portuguese sleepily. "They strike on good an' queek. Some day I show you, Harvey."

The moon was beginning to walk on the still sea before the elder men came aft. The cook had no need to cry "second half." Dan and Manuel were down the hatch and at table ere Tom Platt, last and most deliberate of the elders, had finished wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Harvey followed Penn, and sat down before a tin pan of cod's tongues and sounds, mixed with scraps of pork and fried potato, a loaf of hot bread, and some black and powerful coffee. Hungry as they were, they waited while "Pennsylvania" solemnly asked a blessing. Then they stoked in silence till Dan drew breath over his tin cup and demanded of Harvey how he felt.

"Most full, but there's just room for another piece."

The cook was a huge, jet-black negro, and, unlike all the negroes Harvey had met, did not talk, contenting himself with smiles and dumb-show invitations to eat more.

"See, Harvey," said Dan, rapping with his fork on the table, "it's jest as I said. The young an' handsome men—like me an' Pennsy an' you an' Manuel—we're second ha'af, an' we eats when the first ha'af are through. They're the old fish; and they're mean an' humpy, an' their stummicks has to be humored; so they come first, which they don't deserve. Ain't that so, doctor?"

The cook nodded.

"Can't he talk?" said Harvey in a whisper.

"Nuff to git along. Not much o' anything we know. His natural tongue's kinder curious. Comes from the innards of Cape Breton, he does, where the farmers speak home-made Scotch. Cape Breton's full o' niggers whose folk run in there durin' aour war, an' they talk like the farmers—all huffy-chuffy."

"That is not Scotch," said "Pennsylvania." "That is Gaelic. So I read in a book."

"Penn reads a heap. Most of what he says is so—'cep' when it comes to a caount o' fish—eh?"

"Does your father just let them *say* how many they've caught without checking them?" said Harvey.

"Why, yes. Where's the sense of a man lyin' fer a few old cod?"

"Was a man once lied for his catch," Manuel put in. "Lied every day. Fife, ten, twenty-fife more fish than come he say there was."

"Where was that?" said Dan. "None o' aour folk."

"Frenchman of Anguille."

"Ah! Them West Shore Frenchmen don't count anyway. Stands to reason they can't count. Ef you run acrost any of their soft hooks, Harvey, you'll know why," said Dan, with an awful contempt.

"Always more and never less,
Every time we come to dress,"

Long Jack roared down the hatch, and the "second ha'af" scrambled up at once.

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold there were tramplings and rumblings where Disko Troop and Tom Platt moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the rough table, where Uncle Salters was drumming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub of salt water lay at his feet.

"You pitch to dad an' Tom Platt down the hatch, an' take keer Uncle Salters don't

cut yer eye out," said Dan, swinging down. "I'll pass salt below."

Penn and Manuel were knee deep in the pen, flourishing drawn knives. Long Jack, a basket at his feet, and mittens on his hands, faced Uncle Salters at the table, and Harvey stared at the pitchfork and the tub.

"Hi!" shouted Manuel, stooping to the fish, and bringing one up with a finger under its gill and a finger in its eye. He laid it on the edge of the pen; the knife-blade glimmered with a sound of tearing, and the fish, slit from throat to vent, with a nick on either side of the neck, dropped at Long Jack's feet.

"Hi!" said Long Jack, with a scoop of his mittened hand. The cod's liver dropped in the basket. Another wrench and scoop sent the head and offals flying, and the empty fish slid across to Uncle Salters, who snorted fiercely. There was another sound of tearing, the backbone flew over the bulwarks, and the fish, headless, gutted, and open, splashed in the tub, sending the salt water into Harvey's astonished mouth. After the first yell, the men were silent. The cod moved along as though they were alive, and long ere Harvey had ceased wondering at the miraculous dexterity of it all, his tub was full.

"Pitch!" grunted Uncle Salters, without turning his head, and Harvey pitched the fish by twos and threes down the hatch.

"Hi! Pitch 'em bunchy," shouted Dan. "Don't splatter! Uncle Salters is the best splitter in the fleet. Watch him mind his book!"

Indeed, it looked a little as though the round uncle were cutting magazine pages against time. Manuel's body, cramped over from the hips, stayed like a statue; but his long arms grabbed the fish without ceasing. Little Penn toiled valiantly, but it was easy to see he was weak. Once or twice Manuel found time to help him without breaking the chain of supplies, and once Manuel howled because he had caught his finger in a Frenchman's hook. These hooks are made of soft metal, and are rebent after use; but the cod very often get away with them to be hooked again elsewhere; and that is one of the many reasons the Gloucester boats despise the Frenchmen.

Down below, the rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the whirring of a grindstone—a steady undertune to the "click-nick" of the knives in the pen, the wrench and schloop of torn heads, dropped liver and flying offal; the "caraaah" of Uncle Salters's knife scooping away backbones, and the flap of wet, opened bodies falling into the tub.

At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest; for fresh, wet cod weigh more than you would think, and his back ached with the steady pitching. But he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang, took pride in the thought, and held on sullenly.

"Knife oh!" shouted Uncle Salters at last. Penn doubled up, grasping among the fish, Manuel bowed up and down to supple himself, and Long Jack leaned over the bulwarks. The cook appeared, noiseless as a black shadow, gathered up a mass of backbones and heads, and retreated.

"Blood-ends for breakfast an' head-chowder," said Long Jack, smacking his lips.

"Knife oh!" repeated Uncle Salters, waving the flat, curved splitter's weapon.

"Look by your foot," cried Dan below.

Harvey saw half a dozen knives stuck in a cleat in the hatch combing. He dealt these round, taking over the dulled ones.

"Water!" said Disko Troop.

"Scuttle-but's forward an' the dipper alongside. Hurry, Harve," said Dan.

He was back in a minute with a big dipperful of stale brown water which tasted like nectar, and loosed the jaws of Disko and Tom Platt.

"These are cod," said Disko. "They ain't Damarskus figs, Tom Platt, nor yet silver bars. I've told you that every single time sence we've sailed together."

"A matter o' seven seasons," returned Tom Platt coolly. "Good stowin's good stowin' all the same, an' there's a right an' a wrong way o' stowin' ballast even. If you'd ever seen four hundred ton o' iron set into the—"

"Hi!" With the yell from Manuel the work began again, and never stopped till the pen was empty. The instant the last fish was down, Disko Troop rolled aft to the cabin with his brother. Manuel and Long Jack went forward. Tom Platt only waited long enough to slide home the hatch ere he too disappeared. In half a minute Harvey heard deep snores in the cabin, and he was staring blankly at Dan and "Pennsylvania."

"I did a little better that time, Danny," said Penn, whose eyelids were heavy with sleep. "But I think it is my duty to help clean."

"Wouldn't hev your conscience fer a thousand quintal," said Dan. "Turn in, Penn. You've no call to do boy's work. Draw a bucket, Harvey. Oh, Penn, dump

these in the gurry-butt 'fore you sleep. Kin you keep awake that long?"

Penn took up the heavy basket of livers, emptied them into a cask with a hinged top lashed by the foc'sle; then he too dropped out of sight in the cabin.

"Boys clean up after dressin' down, an' first watch in ca'am weather is boy's watch on the 'We're Here.'" Dan sluiced the pen energetically, unshipped the table, set it up to dry in the moonlight, ran the red knife-blades through a wad of oakum, and began to sharpen them on a tiny grindstone, as Harvey threw offal and backbones overboard under his directions.

At the first splash a silvery-white ghost rose bolt upright from the oily water and sighed a weird whistling sigh. Harvey started back with a yell, but Dan only laughed. "Grampus," said he. "Beggin' fer fish-heads. They up-eend thet way when they're hungry. Breath on him like the doleful tombs, hain't he?" A horrible stench of decayed fish filled the air as the pillar of white sank, and the water bubbled oilily. "Hain't ye never seen a grampus up-eend before? You'll see 'em by hundreds 'fore ye're through. Say, it's good to hev a boy aboard again. Otto was too old, an' a Dutchy at that. Him an' me we fought consid'ble. Wouldn't ha keered fer thet ef he'd hed a Christian tongue in his head. Sleepy?"

"Dead sleepy," said Harvey, nodding forward.

"Mustn't sleep on watch. Git up an' see ef our anchor-light's bright an' shinin'. You're on watch now, Harve."

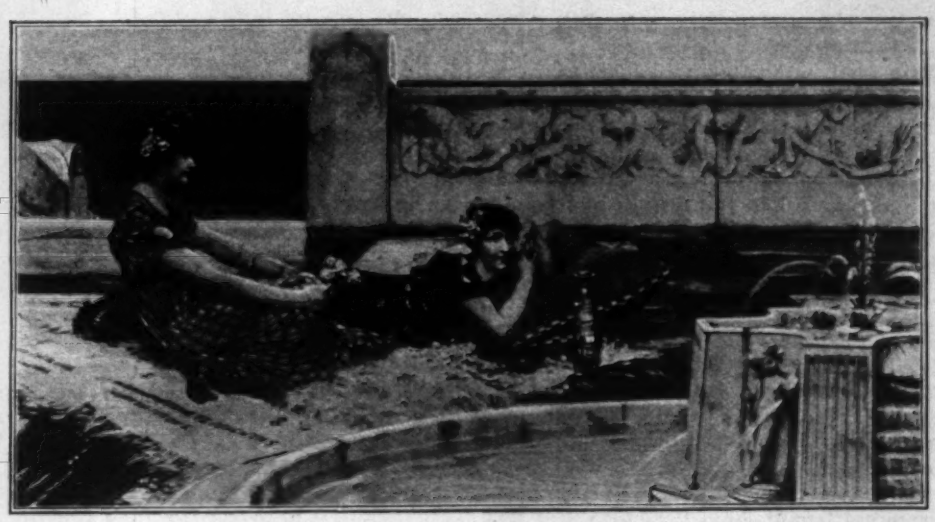
"Pshaw! What's to hurt us? Bright's day. Sn—orrr!"

"Jest when things happen, dad says. Fine weather's good sleepin', an' 'fore you know mebbe you're cut in two by a liner, an' seventeen brass-bound officers, all gen'elmen, lift their hand to it that your lights was aout an' there was a thick fog. Harve, I've kinder took to you, but ef you nod onct more I'll lay inter you with a rope's end."

The moon, who sees many strange things on the Banks, looked down on a slim youth in knickerbockers and a red jersey, staggering around the cluttered decks of a seventy-ton schooner, while behind him, waving a knotted rope, walked, after the manner of an executioner, a boy who yawned and nodded between the blows he dealt.

The lashed wheel groaned and kicked softly, the riding-sail slatted a little in the shifts of the light wind, the windlass creaked, and the miserable procession continued. Harvey expostulated, threatened, whimpered, and at last wept outright, while Dan, the words clotting on his tongue, spoke of the beauty of watchfulness and slashed away with the rope's end, punishing the dories as often as he hit Harvey. At last the clock in the cabin struck ten, and upon the tenth stroke little Penn crept on deck. He found two boys in two tumbled heaps side by side on the main hatch, so deeply asleep that he actually rolled them to their berths.

(To be continued.)



LOVE IN IDLENESS. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

ALMA-TADEMA AND HIS HOME AND PICTURES.

By Ethel Mackenzie McKenna.

THE house inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema is situated in St. John's Wood, a locality much patronized by artists, most of whom, while desirous of living in London and of being in the centre of the life of the great metropolis, yet are anxious to get as far away as possible from the dust and smoke of the city. It is more like an enchanted palace than a London house, and but for the neat, white-aproned, essentially prosaic parlor-maid, you feel as if you had stepped into fairy-land as the garden door closes behind you. The glass-covered pathway stretches in a curve towards the house, either side banked with brilliant colored flowers, while the floor is paved with specially designed tiles which form the letters L. A. T. quaintly intertwined. The iron supports of the glass roof also bear the name of the master of the place. As the path sweeps round to the front door, the bank of flowers breaks on the right hand and discloses a marble basin, into which a fountain splashes and plays. Above the door, which is bordered with some fine bronze work, is the friendly greeting *Salve*, here more than a mere formality. And as the portals fly open in response to a resounding knock from the wonderful bronze knocker, the eye is dazzled by a flight of gleaming steps of exquisitely polished brass, which rise to the studio door. On the door hangs a superb brass shield, a gift from the sculptor George Simmonds, who executed it especially for his friend. This entrance to the artist's sanctum, however, is not the one that is ordinarily used.

Turning to the left from the entrance hall we are in a huge, domed conservatory, with palms rising high above the head and ferns and exotics growing luxuriantly on every side. Beyond is another hall, where, from the mantel, the words of Richard II., "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends," speak a cheering welcome. This hall is one of the features of the house, if a house where everything is a work of art can be said to have any special features. It is panelled some five feet high with white enamelled wood, and each narrow panel bears a signed painting by some celebrated artist. The subjects are widely diversified: one artist has chosen a corner of the house itself for his picture; another contributes an exquisite nude figure; a third shows a glimpse of tempest-tossed sea, in striking contrast to which are a calm, peaceful landscape and a branch of delicately tinted apple-blossoms. The owner himself has added a ribbon-like

LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph taken for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE by Fradelle and Young, London.

frieze of the flowers he loves so well, aglow with life and color, which gives a perfect finish to the hall. In one corner is a little niche filled with flowers and curios, which show particularly well against a background of exquisitely painted tiles, a bit of Mrs. Tadema's work. The floor is paved with tiles designed by Mr. Tadema and expressly made in Naples.

A wide staircase leads upwards to the chief studio, the balustrade hung with gorgeous embroideries from Japan. Under an arched doorway is the entrance to Mrs. Tadema's studio, the subdued tones of which are in striking contrast to the greater part of the house. Mrs. Tadema's devotion to everything Dutch is a compliment to her husband, and here, in her own studio, she is surrounded by the quaint old Dutch objects that she loves to paint. The high windows, with their leaded panes of white and faintly-tinted, old stained glass, occupy nearly the whole of one side of the room, while the wide open fireplace takes up another. The greater part of the room is panelled with oak, and the ceiling was beautifully arranged, under Mr. Tadema's directions, to utilize some very fine old Dutch carving.

The entrance from the hall is through a screen of carved oak arches. Another door in the panels leads, through a passage lined with old Delft tiles whereon is depicted a Dutch canal scene, to the library, while a diminutive oaken staircase rises to the cosiest of anterooms, almost entirely filled by a huge, carved, four-post bedstead. Here Mrs. Tadema rests when she is tired; and certainly nothing could be more inviting than the pile of huge bro-

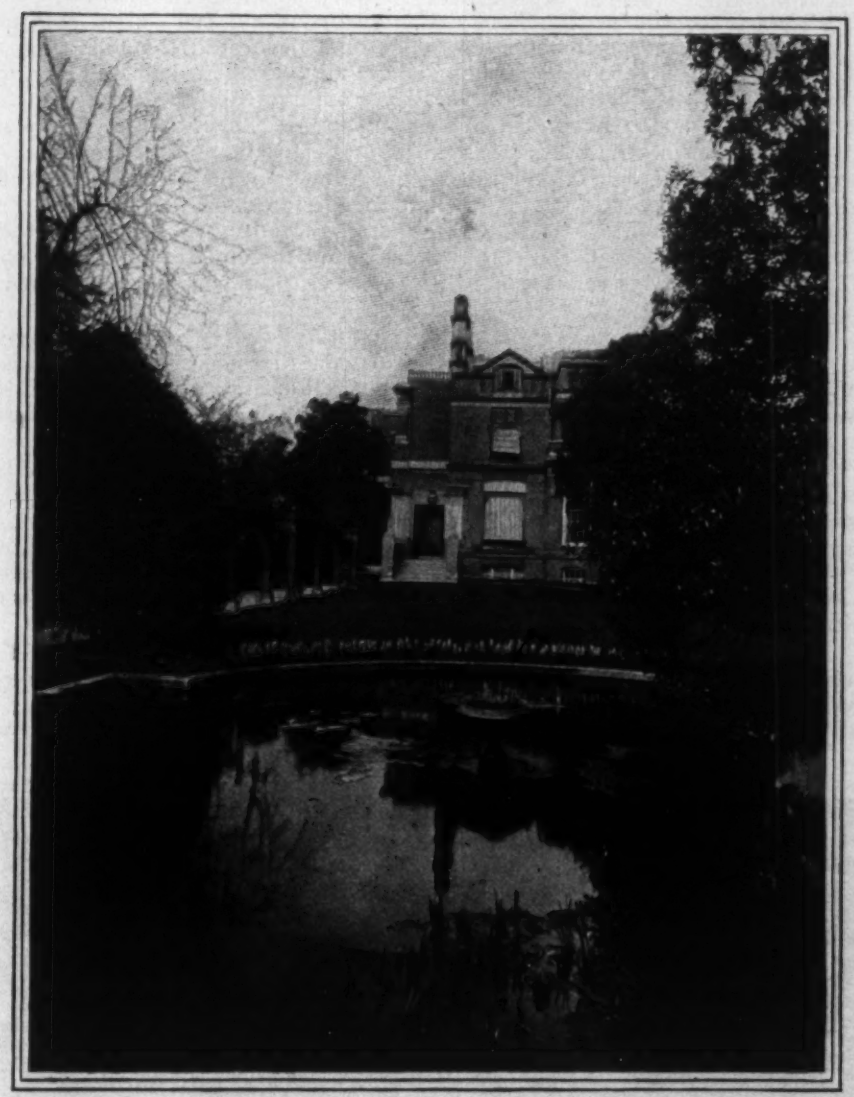
MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

cade cushions heaped on the coverlet of antique embroidery, with a beautiful old curtain to shield the light from weary eyes. Here, too, are the Dutch cradle and the old press which have figured in many of Mrs. Tadema's paintings, while a curious brass basin and tap replace the conventional wash-hand stand.

The studio itself is filled with blue china and curios of every description, while the cosey old chairs are upholstered in embroideries and brocades whose colors are softened and subdued by age. A wonderful bird-cage hangs from the ceiling, brass bowls stand on the chimney-piece, things of interest and beauty catch the eye on every side, and Mr. and Mrs. Tadema are fain to pardon those who stare open-eyed at all these treasures.

Passing through the library we come to the dining-room, a long room one side of which is panelled with oak and has a fitted oaken sideboard. The walls are hung with golden paper, and the chief pictures are Mr. Tadema's own portraits of his wife and youngest daughter. The dining-table, like

MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.



MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN. THE SAME ENTRANCE IS SHOWN AS IN THE PICTURE JUST PRECEDING.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

everything else in the room, is of original design, is long and very narrow, and affords no place for elaborate table decorations. The window looks into the garden, and even here the genius of the owner has been at work, and has transformed the commonplace "plot" of the neighboring places to a really effective scene. A series of pillars and arches in graceful iron work border one side and the end of the lawn, flowering creepers climbing lovingly from one to another, while on the third side are spreading trees, from the branches of which a hammock hangs invitingly. At the end is also a pool of water, with a fountain, surrounded by a deep band of brilliant yellow flowers.

From the side of the dining-room another flight of brass steps leads once more to the great studio, but it is broken by a little atrium decorated in the Pompeian style. There are long lounges, and bookshelves laden with interesting volumes bound in the most original way. Some of these volumes are priceless collections of notes and manuscripts, many of them are very old, all of them are of great interest. Opposite the bookshelves is a long, high desk, whereat Mr. Tadema stands and personally indites all his correspondence. In a corner is a marble basin lit by a skylight, and it was here that the artist contrived to see the shower of roses for his "Heliogabalus" picture, by having them

thrown from above to the marble floor. As if in memory of that perfumed rain dried rose-leaves still lie scattered on the edge of the basin, faintly scenting the air. An alcoved recess leads to the gallery of the studio, while mounting the brass steps at the farther corner you pass into the great studio.

Of all rooms in the house this is, of course, the one most stamped with the individuality of the artist as he reveals it to the public in his work. He himself speaks of his house as a series of backgrounds to his pictures, and it is naturally in his studio especially that he has provided himself with suitable surroundings. The room has more than one entrance, but only one small door is visible; the others are merely panels, which are usually concealed by the wall into which they slide, rich curtains breaking the outline of the opening. The great domed roof is overlaid with silver; the floor is exquisitely inlaid with parquet designed by Mr. Tadema. Facing the great window, with its clear north light, is the apse, surmounted by the inscription, *Ars Longa Vita Brevis*. It is lined with cushioned seats and hung with gorgeous old red velvet embroidery which once decorated the palace of some Venetian noble. The delicate coloring has faded from a portion of the work, and one would suppose that it is the oldest piece of all; but it is not so. Not having enough of the drapery for his purpose, Mr. Tadema had the design copied and materials dyed to match the antique. But while the old dyes have withstood the light for many a score of years, the new have already lost their brilliant hues.

Two brass steps lead to another recess, over which there is a wonderful window where the light filters dimly through Mexican onyx and delicately veined, transparent marble. Here stands the piano, a marvel of satinwood inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and silver. The inside of the lid is lined with vellum, and thereon are inscribed the autographs of all the famous musicians, and their name is legion, who have played on, or been accompanied by, the piano.

The walls of the studio are lined with beautiful woods and matchless marbles, while the gallery which runs along one side is ornamented with classic scenes in

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

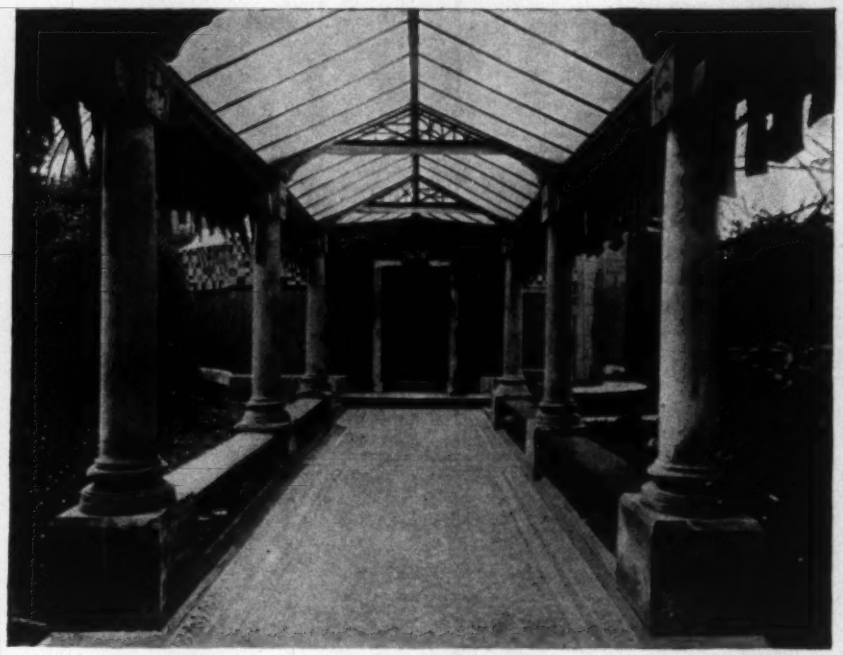
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

PORTRAIT OF ALMA-TADEMA'S DAUGHTER, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

bronze. Here and there quaint little legends are introduced into the decoration, such as "As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life." A little anteroom is devoted to paints and brushes, and the great easel stands on the polished floor, facing the wide window. The room is full of treasures, but to do justice to all it contains I should need a pen as brilliant as the paintbrush of the owner.

Laurens Alma-Tadema was born at Dronryp, in Holland, on January 8, 1836. His father died when he was barely four years old, and his childhood was one of many deprivations and but simple pleasures. His mother, to whom he was very deeply attached, was a woman of strong character, and when she was left with a family of small children, only the two youngest of whom were her own, and a very limited income on which to support and educate them, she bore herself with energy and courage. Laurens was the darling of her heart, but she refused to allow herself to be convinced of his genius, fearing, no doubt, the glamour of her partiality. Circumstances had made her extremely practical, and she would not listen

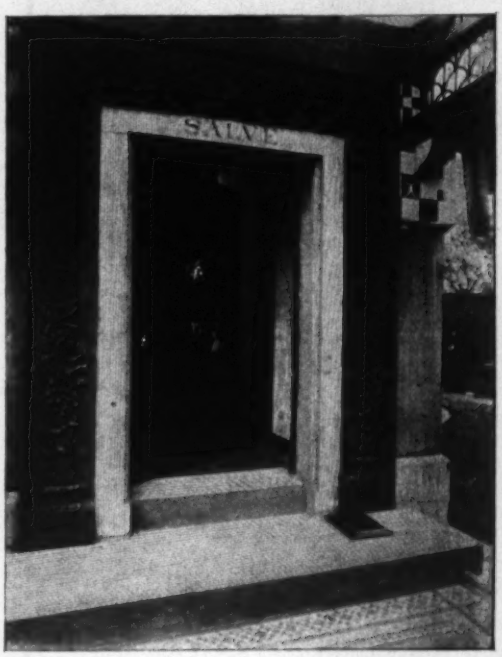


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

to the prayers of her son that he might study art. It was decided that he should be made a lawyer, and he did his utmost to submit cheerfully to the career which maternal love had marked out for him, although every moment he could steal from work was devoted to drawing and sketching, and his tasks were often neglected in the pursuit of his passion for art.

Tadema was educated at the public school at Leeuwarden, but the routine of his work there was intensely irksome to him, and among all his studies the only one that appealed to him was Roman history. He induced his mother to wake him at daybreak every morning — by means of jerking a string fastened to his big toe—and worked at his drawing with untiring energy till it was time for school. In 1856, when he was only fifteen, without having ever received proper tuition, he sent a portrait of his sister to one of the Dutch galleries, which was duly accepted and hung. But the struggle between the inborn passion of the lad and the desire to do what he regarded as his duty to his mother was more than his health could bear. His strength gave way completely, and the doctors who attended him gave it as their verdict that his days were numbered. Anxious that his few remaining months of life should be as happy as possible, his mother's resolution at last gave way, and young Tadema was given his heart's desire. The fierce struggle was over, and under the new conditions he soon regained his health; for though the future still held many difficulties, they



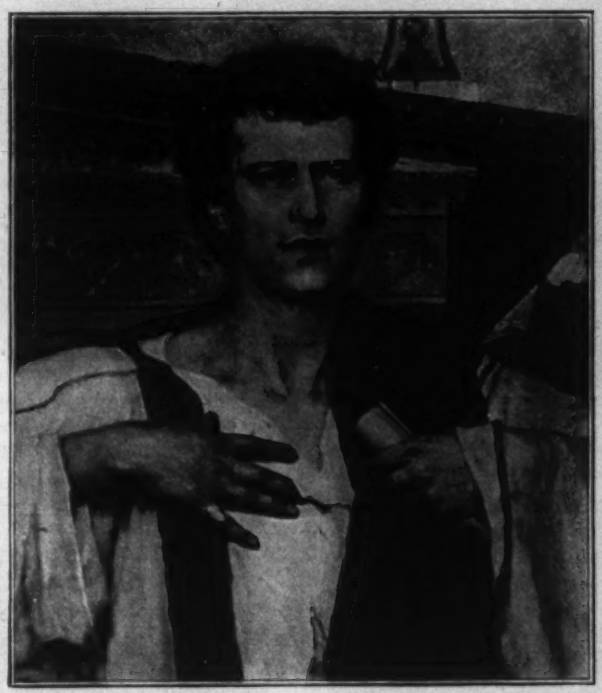
THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

melted before the invincible determination of the young genius. But Holland was not to have the glory of training her brilliant son, for, strange as it is to tell, the student failed to obtain admission into the Dutch schools, and he decided to go to Antwerp, where he entered the Art Academy and studied under Wappers. He labored without ceasing to make up for the time he had lost, but none of his work of this time remains, for he destroyed everything that he felt did not attain to the standard of excellence he had raised for himself.

After leaving the art school, the young artist entered the studio of the great historical painter of Belgium, Leys, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on Tadema's work. While yet but twenty-three years of age, he assisted Leys in painting the frescoes of the Antwerp Guildhall.

About this time Tadema's mother and sister gave up their home in Leeuwarden to join the young painter at Antwerp. But the happiness of having the mother he idolized near him was only to endure for a short time; four years later she passed away. It was then that Mr. Tadema married. His wife, a French lady, died in 1869, leaving two daughters. At her death Mr. Tadema went to England with his children and took up his residence in London, becoming a naturalized British subject a few years later. In 1871 he married Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose striking features and wonderful red gold hair we have admired in so many of Tadema's pictures, and whose clever painting would have made the name of Tadema well known, even if it had not been illumined by the genius of her distinguished husband. In 1876, when Mr. Tadema was spending the winter in Rome, studying antique art and architecture with an energy characteristic of him, he received the news of his election to the associateship of the Royal Academy. This was followed in 1883 by the title of Royal Academician. He is represented in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House by "The Way to the Temple," but it is by no means one of the finest specimens of his work. Recognitions of Mr. Tadema's greatness have come to him from every part of the world, and there is scarcely a country that has not bestowed honors upon him.



THE ACTOR BARNAY AS MARK ANTONY. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

Mr. Tadema is one of the neatest of men; his studio is always the picture of order; no spot of paint has ever fallen upon the parquet; never does a paintbrush lie neglected upon the floor, and his brushes are like new in their absolute cleanliness. So particular is he on this point that even his artist daughter is scarcely to be trusted with the labor of cleaning them. "*Père* always says I make the handles greasy," she laughingly tells you; "he can't bear any one to wash them but himself."

Mr. Tadema's work is always fraught with sadness to his friends, for each of his pictures is the grave of many others. He never makes sketches, and could we but peel the paint in layers off each completed painting, we should find many a change of scene. The procession of springtime, in one of his later works, once moved under a wonderful domed ceiling. But it did not satisfy the artist, who had a feeling for the blue sky, and the ceiling was painted out, to the bitter chagrin of many friends.

VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S GARDEN.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

Nor would they cease their lamentations at the destruction of this exquisite piece of work till Mr. Tadema promised that they should see it again, and it was to this promise that the painting "Unconscious Rivals" owes its origin. The ceiling was painted once more, and the two girls were inserted as a subject.

Mr. Tadema is very strongly against the idea that art students should travel and study the works of the great masters. They should wait till they are artists, he says. Then they will be better able to understand and profit by the masterpieces they see. Mr. Tadema himself has not travelled a great deal, and has, curiously enough, never visited Greece or Egypt, the countries he so loves to paint, and which his brush brings so vividly before us. He has sometimes been reproached with a want of imagination and sentiment, a criticism which much annoys him, for he is by no means lacking in either. One of his bits of sentiment relates to the number seventeen, which he declares has always been a lucky one for him. His wife, he will tell

ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. TADEMA'S HOUSE AND GARDEN AND THE COVERED PASSAGE FROM THE STREET.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

you, was seventeen when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was seventeen; his present house bears the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17th. This was in 1886. He had then been in possession of the house for three years, and throughout those three years he had been designing and making plans and sketches for rebuilding. It was on November 17th that he and his family first took up their residence there. He laughs at himself for this superstition; but it is evident that his holding to it is not wholly a joke.

With the knowledge that Mr. Tadema's paintings number over three hundred, without taking into consideration those which he so ruthlessly destroyed in his youth, it is not surprising to learn that he is an indefatigable worker. I remember questioning him once as to his favorite amusement. "Painting," he smilingly replied. Every moment of daylight spent away from his easel is regretted. In the evening he rests, or possibly plays a game of billiards, at which he is an adept. He cannot read much, for his eyes are very sensitive and easily grow tired, but he loves his books, and many a pleasant hour is spent in arranging and classifying them. Then there is his correspondence, which takes a good deal of time, for all his letters are written by his own hand. Even his daughters are not allowed to help him much, though they, like their father and mother, are hard-working people. The elder, Miss Laurens Alma-Tadema, is almost as busy with her pen as her father with his brush. Her novel, "The Wings of Icarus," is well known, and she has written a biography of Madame Eleonora Duse, of whom she is a warm friend and admirer, and with whom she spent several months in Italy, in order to collect material for the work. All the family are ardent lovers of the drama, but it is an enjoyment in which Mr. Tadema can indulge but sparingly. For when he goes to the theatre, he throws his whole soul into the play, as he does into everything that interests him, and he finds that the excitement, the bright lights, and brilliant colors combine to affect his eyes and to render him unfit for work next day. On several occasions he has made designs for scenery and dresses for some special dramatic production.

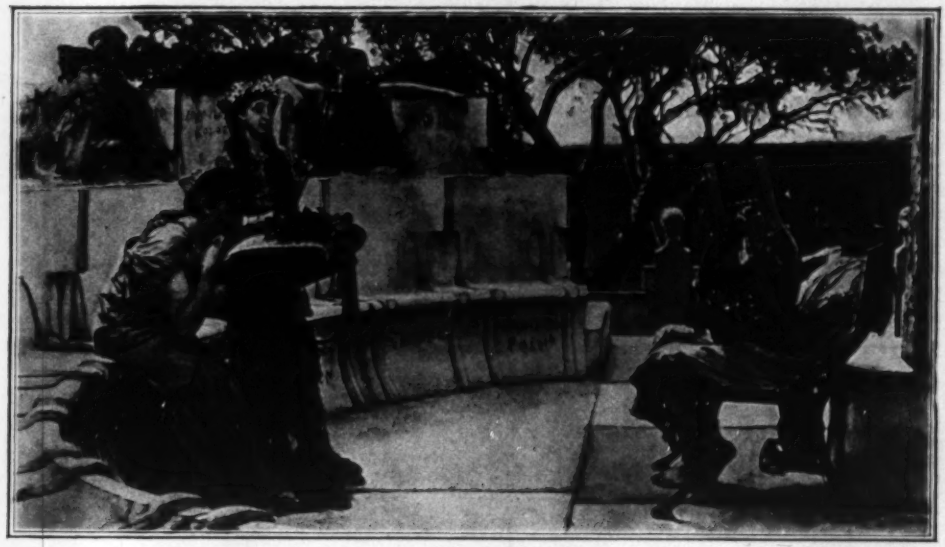
Mr. Tadema is the most genial of men, and he and Mrs. Tadema are extremely

hospitable. Evidently his is not that phase of the artistic temperament which can only work in certain moods and cannot bear to meet the eye of a fellow-man when in the mood for work. The desire to work is chronic with him, but he does not allow it to interfere with his social duties.

Mrs. Tadema is always at home to her friends on Monday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, and Mr. Tadema does not follow the example of so many husbands and absent himself from his wife's receptions, but is just as genial and full of welcome as she. On the Mondays there is only tea and gossip, but gossip of art, music, the drama, and of all things interesting. Mrs. Tadema receives in her studio, and after chatting with her for a while and drinking a cup of tea, her friends move upwards to the larger studio to talk with their host and to enjoy his work. And here is one of the points on which husband and wife differ: while Mr. Tadema's pictures are always open for the delight of his friends, Mrs. Tadema's work is put carefully out of sight, for she does not like to have it viewed while in course of development.

The evening receptions, which are quite as informal as the afternoon "at homes," but which are, as a rule, more numerously attended, are held in the larger studio Music and recitations given by the most famous votaries of their arts are often heard. Paderewski, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Madame Duse, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, have all assisted in entertaining Mr. Tadema's guests. But there is no pre-arrangement, and while sometimes the brightest stars may combine in an irresistible programme, occasionally conversation unaccompanied is perforce the order of the evening.

Although one may not perhaps go so far as to paraphrase the familiar aphorism and say, Show me a man's house and I will tell you what he is; nevertheless, there is no doubt that a man influences his surroundings with as much force as they influence him, and a great deal of a man's character may be gathered from the home he has made for himself. And in the case of Alma-Tadema the inference is in the highest degree gracious and agreeable.



SAPPHO. PAINTED BY ALMA-TADEMA.

From a photograph, by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

THE "WIGWAM," CHICAGO—THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860 WAS HELD.

THE STORY OF LINCOLN'S NOMINATION IN 1860.

BASED ON THE PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE MEN WHO WERE MOST INSTRUMENTAL IN SECURING THE NOMINATION.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

THE possibility of Abraham Lincoln becoming the Presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1860 was probably first discussed by a few of his friends in 1856. The dramatic speech which in May of that year gave him the leadership of his party in Illinois,* and the unexpected and flattering attention he received a few weeks later at the Republican national convention,† suggested the idea; but there is no evidence that anything more was excited than a little idle speculation. The impression Lincoln made two years later in the Lincoln and Douglas debates kindled a different feeling. It convinced a number of astute Illinois politicians that judicious effort would make Lincoln strong enough to justify the presentation of his name as a candidate in 1860 on the ground of pure availability.

One of the first men to conceive this idea was Jesse W. Fell, a local politician of Bloomington, Illinois. During the Lincoln and Douglas debates Fell had been travelling in the Middle and Eastern States. He was surprised to find that Lincoln's speeches attracted general attention, that many papers copied liberally from them, and that on all sides men plied

*See McClure's Magazine for September, 1896.

†Lincoln received 110 votes on the first ballot for the nomination to the Vice-Presidency at the national convention held in Philadelphia in June 1856.

him with questions about the career and personality of the new man. Before Fell left the East he had made up his mind that Lincoln must be pushed by his own State as its Presidential candidate. One evening, soon after returning home, he met Lincoln in Bloomington, where the latter was attending court, and drew him into a deserted law-office for a confidential talk.

"I have been East, Lincoln," said he, "as far as Boston, and up into New Hampshire, travelling in all the New England States, save Maine; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana; and everywhere I hear you talked about. Very frequently I have been asked, 'Who is this man Lincoln, of your State, now canvassing in opposition to Senator Douglas?' Being, as you know, an ardent Republican and your friend, I usually told them we had in Illinois *two* giants instead of one; that Douglas was the *little* one, as they all knew, but that you were the *big* one, which they didn't all know.

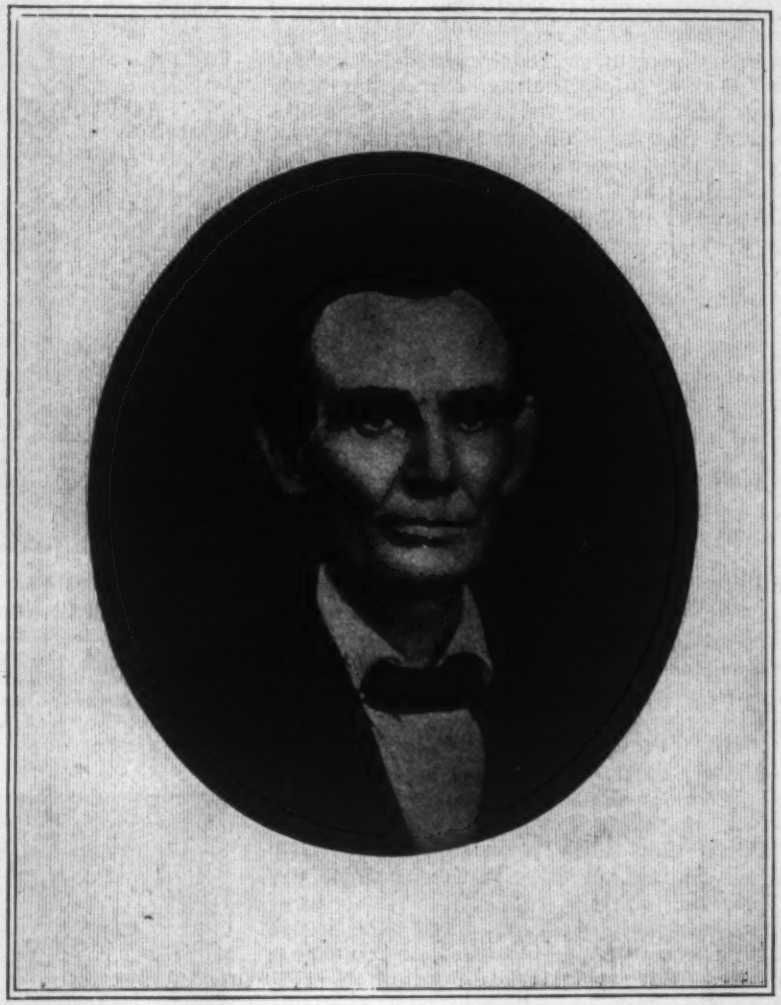
"But, seriously, Lincoln, Judge Douglas being so widely known, you are getting a national reputation *through him*, and the truth is, I have a decided impression that if your popular history and efforts on the slavery question can be sufficiently brought before the people, you can be made a formidable, if not a successful, candidate for the Presidency."

"What's the use of talking of me for the Presidency," was Lincoln's reply, "whilst we have such men as Seward, Chase, and others, who are so much better known to the people, and whose names are so intimately associated with the principles of the Republican party? Everybody knows them; nobody scarcely outside of Illinois knows me. Besides, is it not, as a matter of justice, due to such men, who have carried this movement forward to its present status, in spite of fearful opposition, personal abuse, and hard names? I really think so."

Fell continued his persuasions, and finally requested Lincoln to furnish him a sketch of his life which could be put out in the East. The suggestion grated on Lincoln's sensibilities. He had no chance. Why force himself? "Fell," he said, rising and wrapping his old gray shawl around his tall figure, "I admit that I am

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860.

After a drawing in "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1853.

From an ambrotype owned by Mr. Hilyard of Superior, Nebraska, and taken at Danville, Illinois, as a gift to his father.

ambitious and would like to be President. I am not insensible to the compliment you pay me and the interest you manifest in the matter; *but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of these United States.* Besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else; and, as Judge Davis says, '*it won't pay.*' Good night." And he disappeared into the darkness.

Lincoln's defeat in November, 1858, in the contest for the United States Senatorship, in no way discouraged his friends. A few days after the November election, when it was known that Douglas had been reëlected senator, the Chicago "Democrat," then edited by "Long John" Wentworth, printed an editorial, nearly a column in length, headed "Abraham Lincoln." His work in the campaign then just closed was reviewed and commended in the highest terms. "His speeches," the "Democrat" declared, "will be recognized for a long time to come as the standard authorities upon those topics which overshadow all others in the political world of our day; and our children will read them and appreciate the great truths which they so forcibly inculcate, with even a higher appreciation of their worth than their fathers possessed while listening to them.

"We, for our part," said the "Democrat" further, "consider that it would be but a partial appreciation of his services to our noble cause that our next State Republican convention should nominate him for governor as unanimously and enthusiastically as it did for senator. With such a leader and with our just cause, we would

sweep the State from end to end, with a triumph so complete and perfect that there would be scarce enough of the scattered and demoralized forces of the enemy left to tell the story of its defeat. And this State should also present his name to the national Republican convention, first for President and next for Vice-President. We should say to the United States at large that in our opinion the Great Man of Illinois is Abraham Lincoln, and none other than Abraham Lincoln."

All through the year 1859 a few men in Illinois worked quietly but persistently to awaken a desire throughout the State for Lincoln's nomination. The greater number of these were lawyers on Lincoln's circuit, his life-long friends, men like Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, and Judge Logan, who not only believed in him, but loved him, and whose efforts were doubly effective because of their affection. In addition to these were a few shrewd politicians who saw in Lincoln the "available" man the situation demanded; and a group represented by John M. Palmer, who, remembering Lincoln's magnanimity in throwing his influence to Trumbull in 1854, in order to send a sound anti-Nebraska man to the United States Senate, wanted, as Senator Palmer himself put it, to "pay Lincoln back." Then there were a few young men who had been won by Lincoln in the debates with Douglas, and who threw youthful enthusiasm and conviction into their support.

The work which these men did at this time cannot be traced with any definiteness. It consisted mainly in "talking up" their candidate. They were greatly aided by the newspapers. The press, indeed, followed a concerted plan that had been carefully laid out by the Republican State Committee in the office of the Chicago "Tribune."

To give an appearance of spontaneity to the newspaper canvass it was arranged that the country papers should first suggest Lincoln's name. Joseph Medill, then, as now, of the "Tribune," and secretary of the committee, says that a Rock Island paper opened the campaign. On May 4, 1859, the "Central Illinois Gazette" came out for Lincoln, and one by one, at diplomatic intervals, other papers followed.

Lincoln soon felt the force of this effort in his behalf. Letters came to him from unexpected quarters, offering aid. Everywhere he went on the circuit, men sought him to discuss the situation. In the face of an undoubted movement for him he quailed. The interest was local; could it ever be more? Above all, had he the qualifications for President of the United States? He asked himself these questions as he pondered a reply to an editor who had suggested announcing his name, and he wrote: "I must in all candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency."

This was in April, 1859. In the July following he still declared himself unfit. Even in the following November he had little hope of nomination. "For my single self," he wrote to a correspondent who had suggested the putting of his name on the ticket, "I have enlisted for the permanent success of the Republican cause, and for this object I shall labor faithfully

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Seward's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1860, which finally nominated Lincoln, by William M. Evarts of New York. On the first ballot he received 173½ votes, on the second 184½, on the third 180; 234 votes were necessary for a choice.*

SALMON P. CHASE.

Chase's name was presented to the Chicago convention of 1860 by D. K. Cartter of Ohio. On the first ballot he received 49 votes, on the second 42½, on the third 24½.

* The portraits on this and page 47 are all from photographs by Brady, now in the war collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

SIMON CAMERON.

Andrew H. Reeder of Pennsylvania presented Cameron's name to the Chicago convention. On the first ballot he received 50½ votes. On the second ballot his name was withdrawn, although two votes were cast for him. He received no votes on the third ballot.

EDWARD BATES.

F. P. Blair of Missouri nominated Mr. Bates in the Chicago convention. He received on the first ballot 48 votes, on the second 35, and on the third 22. At Lincoln's inauguration as President in March, 1861, Bates became a member of his cabinet, as did also three other of his competitors for the nomination in the convention of 1860—Seward, Chase, and Cameron.

in the ranks, unless, as I think not probable, the judgment of the party shall assign me a different position."

The last weeks of 1859 and the first of 1860 convinced Lincoln, however, that, fit or not, he was in the field. Fell, who as corresponding secretary of the Republican State Central Committee had been travelling constantly in the interests of the organization, brought him such proof that his candidacy was generally approved of, that in December, 1859, he consented to write the "little sketch" of his life now known as Lincoln's "autobiography."

He wrote it with a little inward shrinking, a half shame that it was so meagre. "There is not much of it," he apologized in sending the document, "for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me. If anything be made out of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material."

By the opening of 1860 Lincoln had concluded that, though he might not be a very promising candidate, at all events he was now in so deep that he must have the approval of his own State, and he began to work in earnest for that. "I am not in a position where it would hurt much for me to not be nominated on the national ticket," he wrote to Norman B. Judd, "but I am where it would hurt some for me to not get the Illinois delegates. . . . Can you help me a little in your end of the vineyard?"

The plans of the Lincoln men were well matured. About the first of December, 1859, Medill had gone to Washington, ostensibly as a "Tribune" correspondent, but really to promote Lincoln's nomination. "Before writing any Lincoln letters for the 'Tribune,'" says Mr. Medill in his "Reminiscences," "I began preaching Lincoln among the Congressmen. I urged him chiefly upon the ground of availability in the close and doubtful States, with what seemed like reasonable success."

On February 16, 1860, the "Tribune" came out editorially for Lincoln, and Medill followed a few days later with a ringing letter from Washington, naming Lincoln as a candidate on whom both conservative and radical sentiment could unite, and declaring that he now heard Lincoln's name mentioned for President in Washington "ten times as often as it was one month ago." About the time when Medill was writing thus, Norman B. Judd, as member of the Republican National Committee, was executing a manœuvre the importance of which no one realized but the Illinois politicians. This was securing the convention for Chicago.

As the spring passed and the counties of Illinois held their conventions, Lincoln found that, save in the north, where Seward was strong, he was unanimously recommended as a candidate at Chicago. When the State convention met at Decatur on May 9th and 10th, he received an ovation of so picturesque and unique a character that it colored all the rest of the campaign. The delegates were in session when Lincoln came in as a spectator and was invited to a seat on the platform. Soon after, Richard Oglesby, one of Lincoln's ardent supporters, asked that an old

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

HORACE GREELEY.

In the Republican national convention of 1860 Horace Greeley sat as the alternate of an absent delegate from Oregon. He had failed to be chosen a delegate from his own State (New York), through the opposition of the Seward men. As editor of the New York "Tribune," it was supposed, until a short time before the convention, that he would support Seward for the nomination to the Presidency, but he turned against Seward on the plea that he could not be elected. In the convention he labored ardently for Bates.

JESSE W. FELL.

Mr. Fell, a Pennsylvanian by birth, settled in Bloomington, Illinois. Here he became acquainted with Lincoln, who was frequently in the town during court terms. He was one of the first Republicans of the State; he first introduced Lincoln's name in Pennsylvania as a candidate for the Presidency, and it was to him that Lincoln addressed his well-known autobiography.

Democrat of Macon County be allowed to offer a contribution to the convention. The offer was accepted, and a curious banner was borne up the hall. The standard was made of two weather-worn fence-rails, decorated with flags and streamers, and bearing the inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE RAIL CANDIDATE

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Two rails from a lot of 3,000 made in 1830 by Thos. Hanks and Abe Lincoln — whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County.

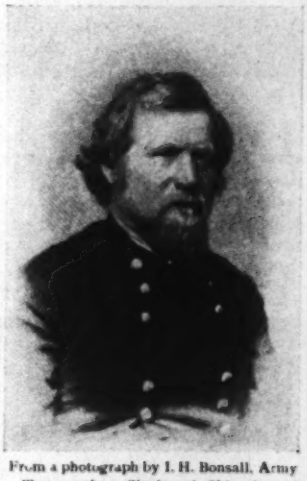
A storm of applause greeted the banner, followed by cries of "Lincoln! Lincoln!" Rising, Lincoln said, pointing to the banner, "I suppose I am expected to reply to that. I cannot say whether I made those rails or not, but I am quite sure I have made a great many just as good."* The speech was warmly applauded, and one delegate, an influential German and an ardent Seward man, after witnessing the demonstration, turned to his neighbor and said, "Seward has lost the Illinois delegation."† He was right; for when, later, John M. Palmer, at present United States Senator and the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President, brought forth a resolution that "Abraham Lincoln is the choice of the Republican party of Illinois for the Presidency, and the delegates from this State are instructed to use all honorable means to secure his nomination by the Chicago Convention, and to vote as a unit for him," it was enthusiastically adopted.

INDIFFERENCE OF THE EAST TO LINCOLN.

While the politicians of Illinois were thus preparing for the campaign, the Re-

*Congressman John Davis of Kansas, who was present at the Decatur convention and took down Mr. Lincoln's words, has courteously allowed us the use of his notes.

†Mr. George Schneider of Chicago, at that date editor of the "Staats Zeitung," and now president of the National Bank of Illinois.

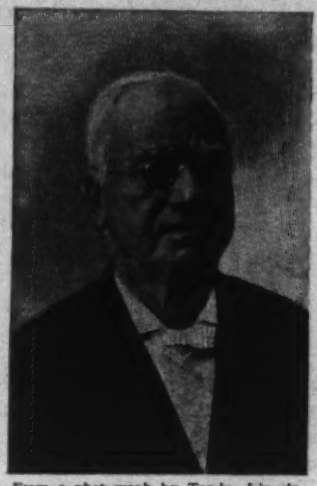


From a photograph by I. H. Bonsall, Army Photographer, Cincinnati, Ohio; loaned by General Palmer's son.

GENERAL JOHN M. PALMER.

From a photograph taken in 1863. Mr. Palmer was born in Kentucky in 1817, and removed to Illinois in 1832. Here he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1840. Although an active Democrat, he revolted against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and joined the anti-Nebraska branch of his party. In 1854 he was one of the five men in the State legislature who secured the election of Lyman Trumbull to the United States Senate. He was chairman of the first Republican State convention held in Illinois, and a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1856; and he contributed no little to the nomination of Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860. He served throughout the war, and was raised for gallant conduct to the rank of Major-General. He has since served as Governor of Illinois and United States Senator, and he is now the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for President.

publicans of the East hardly realized that Lincoln was or could be made a possibility. In the first four months of 1860 his name was almost unmentioned as a Presidential candidate in the public prints of the East. In a list of twenty-one "prominent candidates for the Presidency in 1860," prepared by D. W. Bartlett and published in New York towards the end of 1859, Lincoln's name is not mentioned; nor does it appear in a list of thirty-four of "our living representative men," prepared for Presidential purposes by John Savage, and published in Philadelphia in 1860.* The most important notice at this period of which we know was a casual mention in an editorial in the New York "Evening Post" on February 15th. The "Post" considered it time for the Republicans to speak out about the nominee at the coming convention, and remarked: "With such men as Seward and Chase, Banks and *Lincoln*, and others in plenty, let us have two Republican representative men to vote for." This was ten days before the Cooper Union speech and the New England tour, which undoubtedly did much to recommend Lincoln as a logical and statesmanlike thinker and debater, though there is no evidence that it created him a Presidential following in the East, save, perhaps, in New Hampshire. Indeed it was scarcely to be expected that prudent and conservative men who knew little of him, save as he had exhibited himself in the Lincoln and Douglas debates and in the Cooper Union speech, would conclude that, because he could make a good speech, he would make a good President. They knew him to be comparatively untrained in public life and comparatively untried in large affairs. They naturally preferred a man who had a record for executive statesmanship.



From a photograph by Tandy, Lincoln, Illinois; loaned by W. O. Paisley.

RICHARD J. OGLESBY.

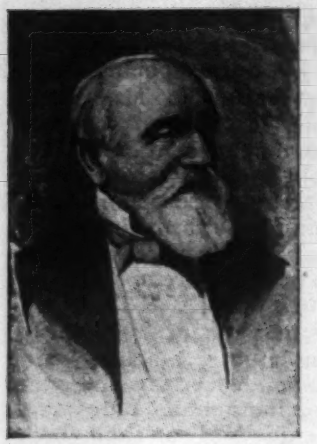
Richard J. Oglesby was born in Kentucky in 1824. Left an orphan at the age of eight years, he removed to Illinois, and there learned the carpenter's trade. In 1845 he was admitted to the bar, but his practice of the law was interrupted by service in the Mexican War and three years of mining in California. Returning to Illinois, he became influential in politics. It was he who suggested to Lincoln's stepbrother, John D. Johnston, bringing the rails into the State convention at Decatur in 1860. He served with honor in the Union army until 1864, when he resigned, and in November of that year was elected governor of his State. He was in Washington at the time of Lincoln's assassination. He continued to serve as governor until 1869, and he has served several terms since. From 1873 to 1879 he was United States Senator.

Up to the opening of the convention in May there was, in fact, no specially prominent mention of Lincoln by the Eastern press. Greeley, intent on undermining Seward, though as yet nobody perceived him to be so, printed in the New York weekly "Tribune"—the paper which went to the country at large—correspondence favoring the nomination of Bates and Read, McLean and Bell, Cameron, Frémont, Dayton, Chase, Wade; but not Lincoln. The New York "Herald" of May 1st, in discussing editorially the nominee of the "Black Republicans," recognized "four living, two dead, aspirants." The "living" were Seward, Banks, Chase, and Cameron; the "dead," Bates and McLean. On May 10th "The Independent," in an editorial on "The Nomination at Chicago," said: "Give us a man known to be true upon the only question that enters into the canvass—a Seward, a Chase, a Wade, a Sumner, a Fessenden, a Banks." But it did not mention Lincoln. His most conspicuous Eastern recognition before the convention was in "Harper's Weekly" of May 12th, his face being included in a double page of portraits of "eleven prominent candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination at Chicago." Brief biographical sketches appeared in the same number—the last and the shortest of them being of Lincoln.

PREPARING FOR THE CONVENTION.

It was on May 16th that the Republican convention of 1860 formally opened at Chicago, but for days before the city was in a tumult of expectation and preparation. The audacity of inviting a national convention to meet there, in the condition in which Chicago chanced to be at that time, was purely Chicagoan. No other city

* These pamphlets are found in the admirable Lincoln collection of Mr. William H. Lambert of Philadelphia.



NORMAN B. JUDD.

A New Yorker by birth, Norman B. Judd moved to Illinois in 1836, when twenty-one years of age, and there began practice of the law. In 1844 he was elected to the State Senate, where he served for sixteen consecutive years. Prominent as the attorney of several railroads, he frequently called in Lincoln as an associate. From the beginning of the anti-Nebraska agitation he was active in politics, and he did much to bring about Lincoln's nomination in 1860. In 1861 he was appointed minister to Prussia. He served in the forty-second and forty-third Congresses, and was afterwards collector of customs at Chicago. He died in 1878.

would have risked it. In ten years Chicago had nearly quadrupled its population, and it was believed that the feat would be repeated in the coming decade. In the first flush of youthful energy and ambition the town had undertaken the colossal task of raising itself bodily out of the grassy marsh, where it had been originally placed, to a level of twelve feet above Lake Michigan, and of putting underneath a good, solid foundation. When the invitation to the convention was extended, half the buildings in Chicago were on stilts; some of the streets had been raised to the new grade, others still lay in the mud; half the sidewalks were poised high on piles, and half were still down on a level with the lake. A city with a conventional sense of decorum would not have cared to be seen in this demoralized condition, but Chicago perhaps conceived that it would but prove her courage and confidence to show the country what she was doing; and so she had the convention come.

But it was not the convention alone which came. Besides the delegates, the professional politicians, the newspaper men, and the friends of the several candidates, there came a motley crowd of men hired to march and to cheer for particular candidates,—a kind of out-of-door *claque* which did not wait for a point to be made in favor of its man, but went off in rounds of applause at the mere mention of his name. New York brought the greatest number of these professional applauders, the leader of them being a notorious prize-fighter and street politician,—"a sort of white blackbird," said Bromley,—one Tom Hyer. With the New York delegation, which numbered all told fully 2,000 Seward men, came Dodworth's Band, one of the celebrated musical organizations of that day.

While New York sent the largest number, Pennsylvania was not far behind, there being about 1,500 persons present from that State. From New England, long as was the distance, there were many trains of excursionists. The New England delegation took Gilmore's Band with it, and from Boston to Chicago stirred up every community in which it stopped, with music and speeches. Several days before the convention opened fully one half of the members of the United States House of Representatives were in the city.* To still further increase the throng were hundreds of merely curious spectators whom the flattering inducements of the fifteen railroads centring in Chicago at that time had tempted to take a trip. There were fully 40,000 strangers in the city during the sitting of the convention.

The streets for a week were the forum of this multitude. Processions for Seward, for Cameron, for Chase, for Lincoln, marched and counter-marched, brave with banners and transparencies, and noisy with country bands and hissing rockets. Every street corner became a rostrum, where impromptu harangues for any of a dozen candidates might be happened upon. In this hurly-burly two figures were particu-

* Boston "Herald," May 15, 1860, Chicago correspondence.

LEONARD SWETT.

Born in Maine in 1825, it was not until 1849, after he had served through the Mexican War, that Leonard Swett settled in Bloomington, Illinois, where he began practice of the law. He travelled the Eighth Circuit with Lincoln until the latter was elected to the Presidency. Mr. Swett took an active part in the anti-slavery agitation in Illinois, aided in Lincoln's nomination in 1860, and was a trusted adviser of Lincoln's throughout the period of the civil war.

larly prominent: Tom Hyer, who managed the open-air Seward demonstration, and Horace Greeley, who was conducting independently his campaign against Seward. Greeley, in his fervor, talked incessantly. It was only necessary for some one to say in a rough but friendly way, "There's old Greeley," and all within hearing distance grouped about him. Not infrequently the two or three to whom he began speaking increased until that which had started as a conversation ended as a speech.

In this half-spontaneous, half-organized demonstration of the streets, Lincoln's followers were conspicuous. State pride made Chicago feel that she must stand by her own. Lincoln banners floated across every street, and buildings and omnibuses were decorated with Lincoln emblems. When the Illinois delegation saw that New York and Pennsylvania had brought in so many outsiders to create enthusiasm for their respective candidates, they began to call in supporters from the neighboring localities. Leonard Swett says that they succeeded in getting together fully 10,000 men from Illinois and Indiana, ready to march, shout, or fight for Lincoln, as the case required.

CHAIR OCCUPIED BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1860. IT WAS THE FIRST CHAIR MADE IN THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Reproduced from "Harper's Weekly" of May 19, 1860, by permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

Not only was the city full of people days before the convention began, but the delegations had organized and actual work was in progress. Every device conceivable by an ingenious opposition was resorted to in order to weaken Seward, the most formidable of the candidates. The night before the opening of the convention a great mass meeting was held in the Wigwam. The Seward men had arranged to have only advocates of their own candidate speak. But the clever opposition detected the game, and William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, who was for Lincoln or for Wade, got the floor and held it until nearly midnight, doggedly talking against time until an audience of 12,000 had dwindled to less than 1,000.

One of the first of the delegations to begin activities was that of Illinois. The Tremont House had been chosen as its headquarters, and here were gathered almost all the influential friends Lincoln had in the State. They came determined to win if human effort could compass it, and men never put more intense and persistent energy into a cause. Judge Davis was naturally the head of the body; but Judge Logan, Leonard Swett, John M. Palmer, Richard Oglesby, N. B. Judd, Jesse W. Fell, and scores more were with him. "We worked like nailers," says Governor Oglesby to-day, in talking over the struggle.

The effort for Lincoln had to begin in the Illinois delegation itself. In spite of the rail episode at Decatur, the State convention was by no means unanimous for Lincoln. "Our delegation was instructed for him," wrote Leonard Swett to Josiah Drummond,* "but of the twenty-two votes in it, by incautiously selecting the men, there were *eight* who would have gladly gone for Seward. The reason of this is in this fact: the northern counties of this State are more overwhelmingly Republican than any other portion of the continent. I could pick twenty-five contiguous counties giving larger Republican majorities than any other adjacent counties in any State. The result is, many people there are for Seward, and such men had crept upon the delegation. They intended in good faith to go for Lincoln, but talked despondingly, and really wanted and expected finally to vote as I have indicated. We had also in the north and about Chicago a class of men who always want to turn up on the winning side, and who would do no work, although their feelings were really for us, for fear it would be the losing element and would place them out of favor with the incoming power. These men were dead weights. The centre and south, with many individual exceptions to the classes I have named, were warmly for Lincoln, whether he won or lost.

"The lawyers of our circuit went there

*This letter, written by Mr. Swett on May 27, 1860, to Josiah Drummond of Maine, is one of the best documents on the convention. It was published in the New York "Sun" of July 26, 1891, and is in O. H. Oldroyd's recent work, "Lincoln's Campaign."

determined to leave no stone unturned; and really they, aided by some of our State officers and a half dozen men from various portions of the State, were the only tireless, sleepless, unwavering, and ever vigilant friends he had."

The situation which the Illinois delegation faced, briefly put, was this: the Republican party had in 1860 but one prominent candidate, William H. Seward. By virtue of his great talents, his superior cultivation, and his splendid services in anti-slavery agitation, he was the choice of the majority of the Republican party. It was certain that at the opening of the convention he would have nearly enough votes to nominate him. But still there was a considerable and resolute opposition. The grounds of this were several, but the most substantial and convincing was that Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey all declared that they could not elect Seward if he was nominated. Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania, and Henry S. Lane of Indiana, candidates for governor in their respective States, were both his active opponents, not from dislike of him, but because they were convinced that they would themselves be defeated if he headed the Republican ticket. It was clear to the entire party that Pennsylvania and Indiana were essential to Republican success; and since many States with which Seward was the first choice held success in November as more important than Seward, they were willing to give their support to an "available" man. But the difficulty was to unite this opposition. Nearly every State which considered Seward an unsafe candidate had a "favorite son" whom it was pushing as "available." Pennsylvania wanted Cameron; New Jersey, Dayton; Ohio, Chase, McLean, or Wade; Massachusetts, Banks; Vermont, Collamer. Greeley, who alone was as influential as a State delegation, urged Bates of Missouri.

Illinois's task was to unite this opposition on Lincoln. She began her work with a next-door neighbor. "The first State approached," says Mr. Swett, "was Indiana. She was about equally divided between Bates and McLean.* Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were spent upon her, when finally she came to us unitedly, with twenty-six votes, and from that time acted efficiently with us."

With Indiana to aid her, Illinois now succeeded in drawing a few scattering votes, in making an impression on New Hampshire and Virginia, and in persuading Vermont to think of Lincoln as a second choice. Matters began to look decidedly cheerful. On May 14th (Monday) the New York "Herald's" last despatch declared that the contest had narrowed down to Seward, Lincoln, and Wade. The Boston "Herald's" despatch of the same day reported: "Abe Lincoln is looming up to-night as a compromise candidate, and his friends are in high spirits." And this was the situation when the convention finally opened on Wednesday, May 16th.

* Mr. Joseph Medill, who has very kindly annotated Mr. Swett's letter for us, says that half the Indiana delegation had been won for Lincoln on the ground of availability before the convention met.

THE WIGWAM.

The assembly-room in which the convention met was situated conveniently at the corner of Market and Lake Streets. It had been built especially for the occasion by the Chicago Republican Club, and in the fashion of the West in that day was called by the indigenous name of Wigwam. It was a low, characterless structure, fully 180 feet long by one hundred feet wide. The roof rose in the segment of a circle, so that one side was higher than the other; and across this side and the two ends were deep galleries. Facing the ungalleried side was a platform reserved for the delegates —a great floor 140 feet long and thirty-five feet deep, raised some four feet from the ground level, with committee-rooms at each end. This vast structure of pine boards had been rescued from ugliness through the energetic efforts of the committee, assisted by the Republican women of the city, who, scarcely less interested than their husbands and brothers, strove in every way to contribute to the success of the convention. They wreathed the pillars and the galleries with masses of green; hung banners and flags; brought in busts of American notables; ordered great allegorical paintings of Justice, Liberty, and the like, to suspend on the walls; borrowed the whole series of Healy portraits of American statesmen—in short, made the Wigwam at least gay and festive in aspect. Foreign interest added something to the furnishings; the chair placed on the platform for the use of the chairman of the convention was donated from Michigan, as the first chair made in that State. It was an arm-chair of the most primitive description, the seat dug out of an immense log and mounted on large rockers. Another chair, one made for the occasion, attracted a great deal of attention. It was

constructed of thirty-four kinds of wood, each piece from a different State or Territory, Kansas being appropriately represented by the "weeping willow" as a symbol of her grief at being still excluded from the sisterhood of States.* The gavel used by the chairman was more interesting even than his chair, having been made from a fragment of Commodore Perry's brave "Lawrence."

Into the Wigwam, on the morning of the 16th of May, there crowded fully 10,000 persons. To the spectator in the gallery the scene was vividly picturesque and animated. Around him were packed hundreds of women, gay in the high-peaked, flower-filled bonnets and the bright shawls and plaids of the day. Below, on the platform and floor, were many of the notable men of the United States—William M. Evarts, Thomas Corwin, Carl Schurz, David Wilmot, Thaddeus Stevens, Joshua Giddings, George William Curtis, Francis P. Blair and his two sons, Andrew H. Reeder, George Ashmun, Gideon Welles, Preston King, Cassius M. Clay, Gratz Brown, George S. Boutwell, Thurlow Weed. In the multitude the newspaper representatives outnumbered the delegates. Fully 900 editors and reporters were present, a body scarcely less interesting in its *personnel* than the convention itself. Horace Greeley, Samuel Bowles, Murat Halstead, Isaac H. Bromley, Joseph Medill, Horace White, Joseph Hawley, Henry Villard, A. K. McClure, names so familiar to-day, all represented various journals at Chicago in 1860, and in some cases were active workers in the caucuses. It was evident at once that the members of the convention—some 500 out of the attendant 10,000—were not more deeply interested in its proceedings than the mere spectators, whose approval and disapproval, quickly and emphatically expressed, swayed, and to a degree controlled, the delegates.

Wednesday and Thursday mornings were passed in the usual opening work of a convention. While officers were formally elected and a platform adopted, the real interest centred in the caucuses, which were held almost uninterruptedly. Illinois was in a frenzy of anxiety. "No men ever worked as our boys did," wrote Mr. Swett; "I did not, the whole week, sleep two hours a night." They ran from delegation to delegation, haranguing, pleading, promising. But do their best they could not concentrate the opposition. "Our great struggle," says Senator Palmer, "was to prevent Lincoln's nomination for the Vice-Presidency. The Seward men were perfectly willing that he should go on the tail of the ticket. In fact, they seemed determined that he should be given the Vice-Presidential nomination. We were not troubled so much by the antagonism of the Seward men as by the overtures they were constantly making to us. They literally overwhelmed us with kindness. Judge David Davis came to me in the Tremont House, greatly agitated at the way things were going. He said: 'Palmer, you must go with me at once to see the New Jersey delegation.' I asked what I could do. 'Well,' said he, 'there is Judge Hornblower, a grave and venerable judge, who is insisting that Lincoln shall be nominated for Vice-President and Seward for President. We must convince the judge of his mistake.' We went; I was introduced to Judge Hornblower, and we talked about the matter for some time. Judge Hornblower praised Seward, but he was especially effusive in expressing his admiration for Lincoln. He thought that Seward was clearly entitled to first place and that Lincoln's eminent merits entitled him to second place. I listened for some time, and then said: 'Judge Hornblower, you may nominate Mr. Lincoln for Vice-President if you please. But I want you to understand that there are 40,000 Democrats in Illinois who will support this ticket if you give them an opportunity. We are not Whigs, and we never expect to be Whigs. We will never consent to support two old Whigs on this ticket. We are willing to vote for Mr. Lincoln with a Democrat on the ticket, but we will not consent to vote for two Whigs.' I have seldom seen Judge Hornblower's indignation equalled. Turning to Judge Davis he said: 'Judge Davis, is it possible that party spirit so prevails in Illinois that Judge Palmer properly represents public opinion?' 'Oh,' said Davis, affecting some distress at what I had said, 'oh, Judge, you can't account for the conduct of these old Locofocos.' 'Will they do as Palmer says?' 'Certainly. There are 40,000 of them, and, as Palmer says, not one of them will vote for two Whigs.' We left Hornblower in a towering rage. When we were back at the Tremont House I said: 'Davis, you are an infernal rascal to sit there and hear Hornblower berate me as he did. You really seemed to encourage him.' Judge Davis said nothing, but chuckled as if he had greatly enjoyed the joke. This incident is illustrative of the

* Boston "Atlas and Bee," May 22, 1860.

kind of work we had to do. We were compelled to resort to this argument—that the old Democrats then ready to affiliate with the Republican party would not tolerate two Whigs on the ticket—in order to break up the movement to nominate Lincoln for Vice-President. The Seward men recognized in Lincoln their most formidable rival, and that was why they wished to get him out of the way by giving him second place on the ticket." *

The uncertainty on Thursday was harrowing, and if the ballot had been taken on the afternoon of that day, as was at first intended, Seward probably would have been nominated. Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania all felt this, and shrewdly managed to secure from the convention a reluctant adjournment until Friday morning. In spite of the time this manœuvre gave, however, Seward's nomination seemed sure; so Greeley telegraphed the "Tribune" at midnight on Thursday. At the same hour the correspondent of the "Herald" (New York) telegraphed: "The friends of Seward are firm, and claim ninety votes for him on the first ballot. Opposition to Seward not fixed on any man. Lincoln is the strongest, and may have altogether forty votes. The various delegations are still caucusing."

It was after these messages were sent that Illinois and Indiana summoned all their energies for a final desperate effort to unite the uncertain delegates on Lincoln, and that Pennsylvania went through the last violent throes of coming to a decision. The night was one full of dramatic episodes, of which none, perhaps, was more nearly tragic than the spectacle of Seward's followers, confident of success, celebrating in advance the nomination of their favorite, while scores of determined men laid the plans ultimately effective for his overthrow. All night the work was kept up. "Hundreds of Pennsylvanians, Indianians, and Illinoisans," says Murat Halstead, "never closed their eyes. I saw Henry S. Lane at one o'clock, pale and haggard, with cane under his arm, walking as if for a wager from one caucus-room to another at the Tremont House. In connection with them he had been operating to bring the Vermonters and Virginians to the point of deserting Seward."

In the Pennsylvania delegation, which on Wednesday had agreed on McLean as its second choice and Lincoln as its third, a hot struggle was waged to secure the vote of the delegation *as a unit* for Cameron until a majority of the delegates directed otherwise. Judge S. Newton Pettis, who proposed this resolution, worked all night to secure votes for it at the caucus to be held early in the morning. The Illinois men ran from delegate to caucus, from editor to outsider. No man who knew Lincoln and believed in him, indeed, was allowed to rest, but was dragged away to this or that delegate to persuade him that the "rail candidate," as Lincoln had already begun to be called, was fit for the place. Colonel Hoyt, then a resident of Chicago, spent half the night telling Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania what he knew of Lincoln. While all this was going on, a committee of twelve men from Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa were consulting in the upper story of the Tremont House. Before their session was over they had agreed that in case Lincoln's votes reached a specified number on the following day, the votes of the States represented in that meeting, so far as these twelve men could effect the result, should be given to him.

The night was over at last, and at ten o'clock the convention reassembled. The great Wigwam was packed with a throng hardly less excited than the members of the actual convention, while without, for blocks away, a crowd double that within pushed and strained, every nerve alert to catch the movements of the convention.

The nominations began at once, the Hon. William M. Evarts presenting the name of William H. Seward. The New Yorkers had prepared a tremendous *claque*, which now broke forth—"a deafening shout which," says Leonard Swett, "I confess, appalled us a little." But New York in preparing her *claque* had only given an idea to Illinois. The Illinois committee, to offset it, had made secret but complete preparations for what was called a "spontaneous demonstration." From lake front to prairie the committee had collected every stentorian voice known, and early Thursday morning, while Seward's men were marching exultantly about the streets, the owners of these voices had been packed into the Wigwam, where their special endowment would be most effective. The women present had been requested to wave their handkerchiefs at every mention of Lincoln's name, and hundreds of flags had been distributed to be used in the same way. A series of signals had been arranged to communicate to the thousands without the moment when a

* Interview with Senator Palmer for McClure's Magazine.

roar from them might influence the convention within. When N. B. Judd nominated Lincoln this machinery began to work. It did well; but a moment later, in greeting the seconding of Seward's nomination, New York out-bellowed Illinois. "Caleb B. Smith of Indiana then seconded the nomination of Lincoln," says Mr. Swett, "and the West came to his rescue. No mortal ever before saw such a scene. The idea of us Hoosiers and Suckers being outscreamed would have been as bad to them as the loss of their man. Five thousand people at once leaped to their seats, women not wanting in the number, and the wild yell made soft vesper breathings of all that had preceded. No language can describe it. A thousand steam whistles, ten acres of hotel gongs, a tribe of Comanches, headed by a choice van-guard from pandemonium, might have mingled in the scene unnoticed."

As the roar died out a voice cried, "Abe Lincoln has it by the sound now; let us ballot!" and Judge Logan, beside himself with screeching and excitement, called out: "Mr. President, in order or out of order, I propose this convention and audience give three cheers for the man who is evidently their nominee."

The balloting followed without delay. The Illinois men believed they had one hundred votes to start with; on counting they found they had 102. More hopeful still, no other opposition candidate approached them. Pennsylvania's man, according to the printed reports of that day, had but fifty and one half votes; Greeley's man, forty-eight; Chase, forty-nine; while McLean, Pennsylvania's second choice, had but twelve. If Seward was to be beaten, it must be now; and it was for Pennsylvania to say. The delegation hurried to a committee-room, where Judge Pettis, disregarding the action of the caucus by which McLean had been adopted as the delegation's second choice, moved that, on the second ballot, Pennsylvania's vote be cast solidly for Lincoln. The motion was carried. Returning to the hall the delegation found the second ballot under way. In a moment the name of Pennsylvania was called. The whole Wigwam heard the answer: "Pennsylvania casts her fifty-two votes for Abraham Lincoln." The meaning was clear. The break to Lincoln had begun. New York sat as if stupefied, while all over the hall cheer followed cheer.

It seemed but a moment before the second ballot was ended, and it was known that Lincoln's vote had risen from 102 to 181. The tension as the third ballot was taken was almost unbearable. A hundred pencils kept score while the delegations were called, and it soon became apparent that Lincoln was outstripping Seward. The last vote was hardly given before the whisper went around, "Two hundred and thirty-one and one-half for Lincoln; two and one-half more will give him the nomination." An instant of silence followed, in which the convention grappled with the idea, and tried to pull itself together to act. The chairman of the Ohio delegation was the first to get his breath. "Mr. President," he cried, springing on his chair and stretching out his arm to secure recognition, "I rise to change four votes from Mr. Chase to Mr. Lincoln."

It took a moment to realize the truth. New York saw it, and the white faces of her noble delegation were bowed in despair. Greeley saw it, and a guileless smile spread over his features as he watched Thurlow Weed press his hand hard against his wet eyelids. Illinois saw it, and tears poured from the eyes of more than one of the overwrought, devoted men as they grasped one another's hands and vainly struggled against the sobs which kept back their shouts. The crowd saw it, and broke out in a mad hurrah. "The scene which followed," wrote one spectator,* "baffles all human description. After an instant's silence, as deep as death, which seemed to be required to enable the assembly to take in the full force of the announcement, the wildest and mightiest yell (for it can be called by no other name) burst forth from 10,000 voices which we ever heard from mortal throats. This strange and tremendous demonstration, accompanied with leaping up and down, tossing hats, handkerchiefs, and canes recklessly into the air, with the waving of flags, and with every other conceivable mode of exultant and unbridled joy, continued steadily and without pause for perhaps ten minutes.

"It then began to rise and fall in slow and billowing bursts, and for perhaps the next five minutes these stupendous waves of uncontrollable excitement, now rising into the deepest and fiercest shouts, and then sinking like the ground swell of the ocean into hoarse and lessening murmurs, rolled through the multitude. Every now and then it would seem as though the physical power of the assembly was exhausted and

* Editorial in the Boston "Traveller" of May 23, 1860.

that quiet would be restored, when all at once a new hurricane would break out, more prolonged and terrific than anything before. If sheer exhaustion had not prevented, we don't know but the applause would have continued to this hour."

Without, the scene was repeated. At the first instant of realization in the Wigwam a man on the platform had shouted to a man stationed on the roof, "Hallelujah; Abe Lincoln is nominated!" A cannon boomed the news to the multitude below, and 20,000 throats took up the cry. The city heard it, and one hundred guns on the Tremont House, innumerable whistles on the river and lake front, on locomotives and factories, and the bells in all the steeples, broke forth. For twenty-four hours the clamor never ceased. It spread to the prairies, and before morning they were afire with pride and excitement.

HOW LINCOLN RECEIVED THE NEWS.

And while all this went on, where was Lincoln? Too much of a candidate, as he had told Swett, to go to Chicago, yet hardly enough of one to stay away, he had ended by remaining in Springfield, where he spent the week in restless waiting and discussion. He drifted about the public square, went often to the telegraph office, looked out for every returning visitor from Chicago, played occasional games of ball, made fruitless efforts to read, went home at unusual hours. He felt in his bones that he had a fighting chance, so he told a friend, but the chance was not so strong that he would indulge in much exultation. By Friday morning he was tired and depressed, but still eager for news. One of his friends, the Hon. James C. Conkling, returned early in the day from Chicago, and Lincoln soon went around to his law office. "Upon entering," says Mr. Conkling, "Lincoln threw himself upon the office lounge, and remarked rather wearily, 'Well, I guess I'll go back to practising law.' As he lay there on the lounge, I gave him such information as I had been able to obtain. I told him the tendency was to drop Seward; that the outlook for him was very encouraging. He listened attentively, and thanked me, saying I had given him a clearer idea of the situation than he had been able to get from any other source. He was not very sanguine of the result. He did not express the opinion that he would be nominated."*

But he could not be quiet, and soon left Mr. Conkling, to join the throng around the telegraph office, where the reports from the convention were coming in. The nominations were being reported, his own among the others. Then news came that the balloting had begun. He could not endure to wait for the result. He remembered a commission his wife had given him that morning, and started across the square to execute it. His errand was done, and he was standing in the door of the shop, talking, when a shout went up from the group at the telegraph office. The next instant an excited boy came rushing pell-mell down the stairs of the office, and, plunging through the crowd, ran across the square, shouting, "Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated!" The cry was repeated on all sides. The people came flocking about him, half laughing, half crying, shaking his hand when they got it, and one another's when they couldn't. For a few minutes, carried away by excitement, Lincoln seemed simply one of the proud and exultant crowd. Then remembering what it all meant, he said, "My friends, I am glad to receive your congratulations, and as there is a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear the news, you must excuse me until I inform her." He slipped away, telegram in hand, his coat-tails flying out behind, and strode towards home, only to find when he reached there that his friends were before him, and that the "little woman" already knew that the honor which for twenty years and more she had believed and stoutly declared her husband deserved, and which a great multitude of men had sworn to do their best to obtain for him, had at last come.

Thirty-six hours later Lincoln received the committee sent by the convention to notify him formally of his selection as the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States; but before that time the whole country knew of his nomination, and the North and West were ringing with the stirring chorus:

"Hurrah for our cause—of all causes the best!
Hurrah for old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!"

* Interview with Mr. Conkling for McClure's Magazine.

HERR DOLLE'S DIAMONDS.

By Herbert Keen.

WE received one day an addition to our circle at Elvira House in a Mr. Booth that proved a decided acquisition. He conducted himself with the grave decorum of a quiet elderly gentleman of studious tastes and methodical habits, and he and I soon became very good friends. But he always maintained the most absolute reserve respecting his former avocation. He let it be understood that he had retired from business, but I noticed that he usually absented himself for some hours daily, as though he still had some kind of occupation; and occasionally, he went out of town for a day or two ostensibly to attend race meetings. This hobby, of which he made no secret, might have created a prejudice against most men, but in the case of Mr. Booth it was merely regarded as an amiable idiosyncrasy, for it was impossible to suspect him of the mildest dissipation. Sometimes, as he sat in his accustomed arm-chair in the smoking-room, enjoying his after-dinner cigar, and listening with quiet attention to the conversation around him, I used to wonder what the history of this innocent-looking, little, gold-spectacled, bald-headed gentleman, with the scrupulously neat and spotless attire and benevolent aspect, could have been.

Among our guests at that time was a certain Herr Victor Dolle, a Dutch gentleman, who lived in Amsterdam and came over pretty frequently to this country on business connected with his trade of a diamond cutter and polisher. He had resided at Elvira House on many previous occasions, and had gained universal esteem, for he was an amiable, good-natured giant of a man, looking more English than foreign, and speaking our language with singular fluency and correctness.

One day Herr Dolle started by an early train on a flying visit to Birmingham, and I was preparing to depart to the city at the usual hour, when Mrs. Nix stopped me as I passed the door of her office, and, in an agitated voice, requested me to come in. I found her very pale and upset; in fact, almost hysterical. The door of a large safe which stood in a corner of the room was open, and the contents lay scattered in a confused heap upon the floor.

"Mr. Perkins, I have been robbed!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, trembling in every limb, as she closed and locked the door.

"Burglars!" I exclaimed.

"No; at least, I think not," she added, hastily. "The safe has apparently not

"MRS. NIX STOPPED ME AS I PASSED THE DOOR."

been tampered with. It was locked when I opened it just now. The key acted perfectly. And yet something has been abstracted!"

I glanced round in consternation, and, as I did so, I observed upon her writing-table a bank "paying-in" book lying open, and on top of it two or three checks, some bank-notes, and gold.

"It is not money that I have lost," said Mrs. Nix, following my gaze. "If it were, it would be my own, and wouldn't so much matter."

"What is it, then?" I inquired.

"A small parcel intrusted to me by Herr Dolle on the day of his arrival. It contained, I suppose, diamonds or precious stones. He has been in the habit of asking me to take charge of such things while staying here, to avoid carrying them about. For aught I know the contents of the parcel may have been worth hundreds—nay, thousands of pounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, distractedly.

"My dear madam," I said, soothingly, seeing that she was beside herself with agitation, "you must keep calm and tell me how it all happened. When did you last see the parcel?"

I took her hand as I spoke and conducted her to an easy-chair, into which she sank in a half-fainting condition. After a brief pause, she said:

"On Tuesday, the day he arrived, Herr Dolle, with my permission, placed the parcel in the corner of that second shelf. To-day being Saturday, I have received payment of several accounts, your own among others. I went to the safe just now to get my 'paying-in' book in order to send the money to the bank. Suddenly I thought of Herr Dolle's parcel, which I had almost forgotten. It has disappeared."

"Are you sure?" I asked, incredulously.

"I have turned everything out of the safe on to the floor," she said, despairingly.

"Perhaps you have overlooked it. What size was it?" I inquired.

"Oh, quite small! Not larger or much thicker than an envelope folded longways across. You know the sort of little paper parcel that Herr Dolle carries diamonds in? It fits into his pocket-book."

I remembered having been shown, on several occasions, by Herr Dolle, little parcels of diamonds such as Mrs. Nix described. They had generally been done up in neat packages of drab paper folded like a needlecase, but rather larger, with an inner lining of tissue in which the gems reposed. Obviously, a parcel of such small dimensions might easily get mislaid among other articles, and I tried to reassure Mrs. Nix by asseverating my belief that this was what had happened. Though the poor lady shook her head despondently, I at once set to work to replace in the safe, one by one, the books and documents she had taken out of it. There were two or three account-books, some miscellaneous papers, a check-book, a number of counterfoils of old checks, but, unfortunately, a careful scrutiny convinced me that Herr Dolle's packet had not slipped into any unsuspected fold or insinuated itself between the leaves of a book, as I had hoped.

"I suppose you are quite sure that you have never given back the packet to Herr Dolle?" I said, as I reluctantly abandoned the search.

"Quite certain. I have been expecting to be asked for it."

"And you found the safe securely locked?" I inquired, as I tried the key.

"Yes."

"Have you ever parted with the key?"

"Not for a single instant. I always carry my keys about with me," said Mrs. Nix.

"What does Major Nix think about it?"

I declare that when I asked this question I was not conscious of any sequence of ideas in my mind; yet, as I uttered the words, I wished them unspoken, for Mrs. Nix flushed painfully, while I suddenly realized that her husband, sharing her apartment, was the only person who might have obtained access to the key without her knowledge.

"I have not mentioned the subject to anyone yet. Besides, the major was not even aware that the parcel existed," she added, indignantly.

I felt embarrassed and confused, for I suddenly realized the true cause of the poor lady's agitation. The loss of the parcel was, of course, serious enough; but when one reflected that circumstances pointed to the major as the possible thief, the situation became painfully complicated.

"What is to be done?" inquired Mrs. Nix, nervously.

"It is a matter for the police," I said, awkwardly.

"No, Mr. Perkins, that is impossible," said Mrs. Nix, confronting me with an air

of desperate resolution. "Scandal must be avoided. I cannot have the police called in. And yet the parcel must be found. What am I to say to Herr Dolle? What shall I do?"

I reflected a moment, feeling, indeed, quite at a loss what to advise in the peculiar circumstances, and then, by a sort of inspiration, I exclaimed:

"There is a gentleman here, Mr. Booth, who I think has had experience in these matters. Will you authorize me to consult him?"

My suggestion, being totally unexpected, received a somewhat reluctant acquiescence, but I felt immensely relieved at the prospect of sharing the responsibility of advising Mrs. Nix in this delicate affair with some one whose judgment I instinctively knew could be relied upon. I therefore left Mrs. Nix with strict injunctions not to breathe a word of the loss, even to her husband, at present, while I hastened to seek for Mr. Booth.

I found him smoking his morning cigar over his particular copy of the "Times," and though I burst in upon him without preface or apology, and related bluntly what had occurred, he manifested neither surprise nor confusion at my consulting him, but immediately proceeded to ask me pertinent questions in a brisk, matter-of-fact way.

"The major is too big a fool to meddle with diamonds. If it had been money, now—" A slight shrug of the shoulders significantly conveyed Mr. Booth's estimate of poor Mrs. Nix's husband, as he rose from his seat at the conclusion of my narrative. "Let us come and look at the safe," he added.

"I am glad you don't suspect the major, for his wife's sake," I remarked.

MARTHA STAINES.

"He may have had an accomplice, but we needn't tell *her* so," he replied, as we passed out of the room.

Our hostess was, by this time, a little calmer, and as we entered her sanctum, she was hurriedly filling in, on the leaf of the "paying-in" book, particulars of the money to be despatched to the bank. She received Mr. Booth with a slight access of her habitual stateliness, which betrayed her nervous apprehensions.

"My dear madam, permit me to congratulate you on your wise determination to refrain from sending for the police," he said, with unusual geniality.

"You think it is unnecessary?" said Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Unnecessary and undesirable," replied Mr. Booth, rather to my astonishment. "What you want, of course, is to recover the missing property. The police, on the other hand, would care less about that than to bring some person to justice—probably the wrong person—causing, in any case, scandal and annoyance."

"That is what I thought," said Mrs. Nix, in a tone of heartfelt relief.

"Exactly, and you were quite right. Now, let us consider the facts of the case," added Mr. Booth, turning to the safe. "This is where the parcel was placed?"

"Yes."

"On this shelf here, as I understand from Mr. Perkins. I won't trouble you to repeat what you told him. I shall have a question or two to ask you presently."

He spoke in a pre-occupied manner, while closing the door of the safe and manipulating the key. The latter he examined carefully, carrying it to the light and scrutinizing the wards through a small magnifying glass which he produced from his pocket.

"Now," said Mr. Booth, having apparently satisfied himself that the key had not been tampered with, "let us have a little rehearsal of what took place when Herr Dolle arrived. To begin with, what were you doing?"

"I was seated at the table as I am now, and I was—yes, I remember!—I was just commencing to fill in a slip with particulars of the money I was about to send to the bank," said Mrs. Nix.

"Ah! Then that will fix the date. May I look?" inquired Mr. Booth, taking up the "paying-in" book, which lay upon the table, and turning over the leaves. "It was on the 13th?"

"Yes."

"And I see you sent the money to the bank by a messenger or servant," said Mr. Booth, carelessly, as he laid down the book.

"How do you know that?" inquired Mrs. Nix in surprise.

"Only because the counterfoil was initialled by the bank clerk who received the money, which is generally done when a messenger is employed," said Mr. Booth.

"Yes, I sent by Martha Staines."

"That elderly woman with spectacles—a sort of housekeeper?" inquired Mr. Booth.

"Yes; but surely you don't suspect her! She has been with me for many years. I am sure she is quite honest," said Mrs. Nix, warmly.

"No, I don't suspect her, for a very good reason which I will tell you presently," answered Mr. Booth, smilingly. "Well, you were engaged as you said when Herr Dolle arrived? He came in here?"

"I went out to meet him in the hall, recognizing his voice. He followed me into this room, and stayed talking for some moments. I resumed my seat at the desk here, and presently I went on filling up the 'paying-in' slip, while he talked."

"Ah," ejaculated Mr. Booth.

"The fact is, I was very busy, and Herr Dolle always has so much to say," said Mrs. Nix, smiling. "Presently he produced the little parcel, and asked me to allow him to put it inside the safe, which was open."

MAJOR NIX.

"Well?"

"I, of course, consented, and I particularly looked round at his request, and saw him place it on the shelf there," said Mrs. Nix, emphatically.

"And then?" queried Mr. Booth.

"Then he left, after talking a few minutes longer."

"What did he talk about in those few minutes?" asked Mr. Booth, quickly.

"Really, I can't remember," said Mrs. Nix, impatiently. "I'm afraid I didn't listen very attentively."

Mr. Boothglanced at me as though our hostess's last answer possessed some significance, but I entirely failed to grasp his meaning. He smiled at my perplexity, and turned again to Mrs. Nix.

"Did you lock up the safe directly he left?" he asked.

"Yes—at least—no; not immediately. I rang for Martha. When she came we checked my figures in the 'paying-in' book with the money, which we placed in a little paper bag—you know the kind!"

"One of these," said Mr Booth, producing from a bundle which stood in a corner of the safe a brown paper bag supplied by the bank.

"Yes, and—and that's all; Martha took the bag and the 'paying-in' book to the bank, while I shut the safe and went about my other duties."

"And now for the only really important question," said Mr. Booth, briskly. "When you shut the safe, are you sure Herr Dolle's parcel was there?"

"Quite sure. I saw him place it there."

"But did you really see it? Could you swear that you locked it up in the safe? Because," added Mr. Booth, laughingly, "I'm prepared to wager my head against a china orange, as the saying is, that when you locked the safe the parcel wasn't there!"

"Where was it, then?" exclaimed Mrs. Nix, in bewilderment.

"In Herr Dolle's pocket!"

"No!" we both exclaimed.

"I say 'yes,' and it is a fact which can be verified the moment he returns from Birmingham," he added, smiling at our undisguised incredulity. "Depend upon it that, after placing the parcel on the shelf there, he changed his mind and took it up again. You were busy, Mrs. Nix, and didn't notice what he said. Try and remember!"

"You—may be right, of course," murmured Mrs. Nix, evidently anxious to be convinced in spite of secret misgivings.

"Of course I'm right—eh, Perkins?" said Mr. Booth, glancing meaningly at me.

"Your theory seems a little far-fetched," I replied, half involuntarily.

Mrs. Nix looked distressed at my reply, and Mr. Booth darted at me a momentary glance of annoyance.

"What a fellow you are, Perkins!" he exclaimed, good-humoredly, the instant after. "You refuse to allow me the credit of an intelligent deduction from bare facts! You force me to disclose the trick which I carry up my sleeve and to discount my own cleverness!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Nix, eagerly.

"Last night Herr Dolle showed me, in my own room, a parcel of diamonds precisely like the one we have been talking about," said Mr. Booth, gravely.

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Nix.

"But he didn't say—" I commenced, rather hotly.

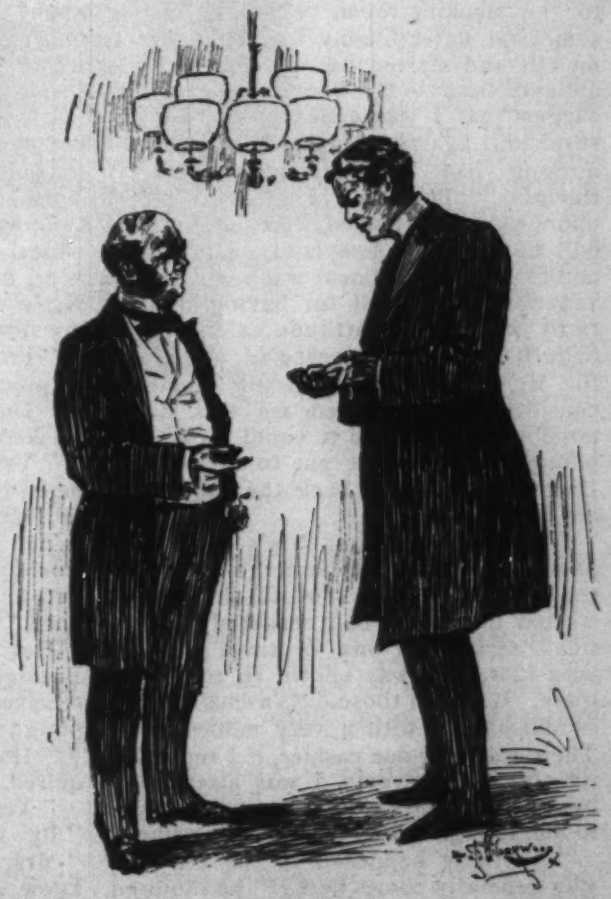
"He didn't say it was the identical parcel," interposed Mr. Booth, quickly, "because, naturally, it never occurred to me to ask the question; but I'm convinced in my own mind that it was. If Perkins likes to risk a sovereign, I'll take his bet that Herr Dolle confirms my theory."

"It would be worth a sovereign," I said, more, in truth, from obstinacy than from conviction.

"Done, then," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Oh, Mr. Booth, I am so much obliged to you. You have relieved my mind of a great anxiety," exclaimed Mrs. Nix, evidently carried away by my companion's assurance. "Come in!" she added, quickly, in response to a knock at the door.

It was the old housekeeper, Martha, a tall, gray-haired woman in spectacles of such strong magnifying power that they made her dim eyes look unnaturally large. Nevertheless, she was obviously as blind as a bat, for she peered into the room in a short-sighted manner and appeared startled at seeing us.



"MR. BOOTH . . . SILENTLY HELD OUT HIS HAND FOR MY SOVEREIGN."

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I only wished to ask if I am to go to the bank?" she said.

"I shall be passing, Mrs. Nix," I interposed, desirous of making amends for any uneasiness I might have caused.

"Oh! thank you. Never mind, Martha, to-day," said Mrs. Nix.

"H'm! Hardly a safe messenger," remarked Mr. Booth, as Martha withdrew. "Honest enough, no doubt, but getting old, and might easily be robbed."

He was strolling to the door as he spoke; I paused only while Mrs. Nix placed in a paper bag the coins, notes, and checks, and then followed him into the hall. When we were alone, he looked at me rather queerly.

"So you don't believe in my theory, Perkins?" he laughed.

"I don't know what to believe," I replied, puzzled by his manner.

"Ah! you are beginning to waver, I see. Do you want to hedge?"

"No; it is a bet," I answered.

Mr. Booth laughed quietly and returned to the smoking-room, while I, feeling somewhat unreasonably irritated, put on my hat and started for my office. I was annoyed because Mr. Booth had seemed to suggest that I was endeavoring to foster suspicion against Major Nix, whereas nothing had been farther from my thoughts. But when I came to reflect upon what had passed, I realized that I had no cause of complaint against him, and that my resentment was really due to vexation with myself for having involuntarily assumed an attitude calculated to disturb our hostess's peace of mind. As for Mr. Booth's theory, a few moments' consideration convinced me that it was possibly correct; and it could, as he had pointed out, easily be put to the test, for Herr Dolle was due back the same evening.

I called in at Mrs. Nix's bank as I passed along Oxford Street, and paid in the money and checks which she had intrusted to me. I had rendered her this small service on two or three previous occasions, and was known to the clerks there. It was in those days a small branch establishment, with a very modest staff. There was only one cashier, if I remember rightly; at all events, I was attended to by a young fellow whose face was familiar to me, though I did not know his name.

"Anything happened to the old lady who generally comes here?" he inquired, carelessly, as I handed over my charge.

"Mrs. Staines is all right. Mrs. Nix asked me to pay in the money, as I happened to be passing," I replied.

"All well at Elvira House?" he asked, glancing through the checks.

"Yes."

"And the major?"

"Major Nix is quite well," I answered, as I turned away.

"I suppose you heard that he lost a good bit of money over the Leger," he remarked, lowering his voice.

"I am not in the major's confidence," I replied, annoyed at the news on the poor wife's account.

"Oh! all right. Then you needn't say I told you," rejoined the cashier, with a vindictive laugh.

It seemed to me, from his tone, that the young man bore some grudge against Major Nix, and was not unwilling to do him an injury by spreading the news. I resolved, therefore, not to gratify him by repeating what he had told me, but, at the same time, the information caused me some uneasiness. If Mr. Booth's theory about the missing parcel should prove delusive, here was a piece of intelligence which might, of itself, suffice to arouse suspicion against the major.

I was a good deal disturbed by this discovery, which had the effect of arousing uncomfortable misgivings in my mind. When I returned to Elvira House in the evening, I told Mr. Booth in confidence what I had learnt. To my surprise, however, he seemed already aware of Major Nix's misfortune, and, after listening to my story, he quietly produced a telegram.

"From Herr Dolle," he remarked, as he placed it triumphantly in my hands.

"Did you send him a message, then?" I asked.

"Yes. Fortunately, Mrs. Nix remembered the name and address of his agents in Hatton Garden. From them I ascertained where a telegram to Birmingham would find him. I thought it better to put an end to Mrs. Nix's suspense at once," he added.

Herr Dolle's reply, despatched from Birmingham, was in these words: "Wire received. Parcel in my possession. Explain to-night."

"Have you told Mrs. Nix?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Yes. She is delighted, of course. "By the way," he added, carelessly, "Mrs. Nix doesn't wish her husband to know anything about it. Between ourselves she evidently doesn't trust him, and

quite right too. She prefers he shouldn't know that her safe occasionally contains valuables."

"Well, it appears I owe you a sovereign," I replied, producing my purse.

"Better wait and learn the truth from Herr Dolle's own lips. His train arrives at eight o'clock," said Mr. Booth, laughingly.

I demurred to this delay in discharging my obligation, but my friend was good-humoredly obstinate, and it was not until later in the evening, after Herr Dolle's return, that he consented to receive it. When I adjourned to the smoking-room, after spending an hour or two in the drawing-room after dinner, I found Herr Dolle smoking stolidly in his usual corner by the fireplace, and at my entrance he rose and drew me aside.

"My friend," he said, in his slow, guttural accents, "you have lost your bet."

"So I understand," I replied.

"Mrs. Nix is a very stupid lady. It comes of doing two things at once. If she had listened to what I said, she would have saved herself much anxiety. I said to her, 'On second thoughts, my dear madam, I may be able to do business to-day with my little parcel;' and she replied 'Yes,' like that. How was I to know that she did not hear?"

"It was her own fault, of course," I remarked.

"I am sorry, but I should have been sorrier still if the parcel had been lost," he remarked.

"Were the contents valuable?" I inquired.

"Very valuable. I should have been a fool for my pains, Ja!" said Herr Dolle, nodding his head emphatically as he left me and returned to his chair.

An animated discussion was going on in the room, and our little colloquy excited no attention, except from Mr. Booth, who glanced at me with a self-satisfied smile, and silently held out his hand for my sovereign, which I immediately produced. The major, who was in great form that evening, and was apparently quite cheerful and indifferent about his recent losses, caught sight of this little episode, and exclaimed:

"Hullo! Perkins is paying up! What is it? A bet?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Booth, quietly pocketing the coin. "A bet which Herr Dolle has decided in my favor."

"Eh? What was it? Tell us about it, Dolle," cried the major, who was quite in his element.

Herr Dolle looked a little disconcerted at being appealed to, for he turned red and glanced covertly at Mr. Booth. No doubt, he had, like myself, been warned not to reveal our secret to the major, and felt at a loss how to reply. But Mr. Booth relieved his embarrassment and my own by saying, promptly:

"Perkins doubted when I said that a diamond merchant could always recognize his own wares."

"Hang it all, one diamond is very like another. Given two stones of the same size and quality, and how the deuce could even an expert tell the difference?" shouted the major, in an argumentative tone.

"You don't often come across two stones which are exact counterparts," said Mr. Booth, glancing at the Dutchman.

"What I say is this," said Herr Dolle, slowly, "that I could always recognize

"HERR DOLLE, PICKING OUT THE DIAMONDS . . . EXAMINED THEM BENEATH THE GAS-LAMP."

stones which had been cut and polished by myself."

"Well, I shouldn't have believed it possible!" cried the major in his noisy way. "Now, I'll tell you fellows what happened once to a man I knew at Agra."

I forget now the details of the story, but though it led to a long argument, it failed to convince Herr Dolle, who, indeed, was evidently disinclined to discuss the point. I thought he looked worried and depressed, and shortly aferwards he got up, observing with a prodigious yawn that he was tired after his journey, and retired from the room. But Mr. Booth defended his own assertion with great pertinacity, and incidentally displayed an intimate acquaintance with traffic in precious stones, which he explained by saying that he had once visited Kimberley, where he had been initiated into most of the mysteries of the trade.

Looking back, I think I always had a sort of suspicion at the back of my head that we had not heard the last of Herr Dolle's parcel. But it is easy, from after knowledge of events, to claim credit for preternatural acuteness, and to speak quite honestly, I cannot recall to mind anything that happened for some days to make me suspect a private understanding between Herr Dolle and Mr. Booth. At all events, I must own to having been considerably startled by an incident which occurred about a week later.

We were alone one evening in the smoking-room, Herr Dolle, Mr. Booth, the major, and I, after the other guests had departed. It was pretty late, and Herr Dolle had just risen to knock the ashes out of his last pipe when the major, who had been fidgeting about in his chair and nervously twisting the ends of his moustache for some moments, suddenly exclaimed:

"I say, Dolle, you buy diamonds, don't you?"

"Eh?" exclaimed Herr Dolle, turning round with a startled look.

"A friend of mine owes me some money, but, like me, he is hard up," explained the major, reddening at the evident surprise which his inquiry had caused. "His mother died recently and left him some jewelry, including a diamond necklace. He has taken out the stones, and wishes to dispose of them."

While speaking, Major Nix lugged out of his trouser-pocket a little leather bag, from which he extracted a quantity of cotton wool. Carefully wrapped inside this were a dozen or more good-sized diamonds of extraordinary whiteness and brilliancy. Herr Dolle stared at the stones in amazement, and turned red all over his face and neck.

"May I look?" he grunted, after a pause.

Major Nix yielded up his treasure with increasing confusion, and Herr Dolle, picking out the diamonds one by one from their woolly bed, ranged them in rows on his broad palm, and examined them beneath the gas-lamp. Though he said nothing, I could see plainly that he was considerably startled and taken aback, and I noticed that Mr. Booth was vigilant and alert.

"I suppose they are real stones?" said Major Nix, apparently struck by the Dutchman's manner.

"Yes, they are real stones, but I shall not buy these. No!" said Herr Dolle, replacing the diamonds in the bag with stolid deliberation.

"Why not?" inquired the major.

"Because Herr Dolle prefers selling to buying, eh, Herr?" interposed Mr. Booth, briskly. "Besides, he is leaving England to-morrow."

"Yes. I am leaving England to-morrow," said Herr Dolle, rather sulkily, as he handed over the bag to Mr. Booth in obedience to a peremptory gesture from that gentleman.

"My friend can't wait—or rather, *I* can't," said Major Nix, with an uneasy laugh. "I suppose you can recommend me to some one in your line of business?"

"*I* can," said Mr. Booth, before the Dutchman could reply. "My friend Mr. Klenck of 187 Hatton Garden will treat you fairly on my introduction. I'll meet you there, if you like."

"Thanks," exclaimed the major, hurriedly making a note of the name and address on his shirt-cuff. "Shall we say to-morrow?"

"Any time that will suit your friend," said Mr. Booth, cheerfully.

"Eh? Oh! *He* won't want to come. He trusts me," returned the major.

"Mr. Klenck would not deal with an agent in a case like this. Besides, it would be better for your own sake that he should be present. By the bye, what is your friend's name?" inquired Mr. Booth, carelessly.

"I don't think I ought to say," replied Major Nix, pulling at his moustache, and looking embarrassed. "He particularly doesn't want his name to appear. You see it's a family matter."

"I see," said Mr. Booth, dryly, as he quietly put the little bag in his pocket. "I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself, major. Your friend must turn up or there will be no business done."

Mr. Booth's words, and especially the significant action which accompanied them, threw the major in a great state of excitement and perturbation, and he indignantly protested that his friend's integrity was beyond suspicion. But, unable to resist the logical retort, he at length sullenly gave way, and, though he still refused to mention the name of his principal, he consented to bring him to Mr. Klenck's office at five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

With this arrangement the discussion ended, and I remarked that Herr Dolle, whose demeanor had at one time been rather mysterious, seemed relieved at the turn of events, and he resumed his habitual stolidity. We all left the apartment together, but on the landing outside my room, where Mr. Booth and I found ourselves alone, I unburdened my mind by whispering, eagerly:

"Those were Herr Dolle's diamonds, of course!"

"Yes," said Booth, quietly.

"How did the major come by them?" I inquired.

"We shall know to-morrow," said Mr. Booth, smiling at my excitement. "Would you like to meet us at Mr. Klenck's, and see what happens?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Very well. No. 187 Hatton Garden, third floor back, at five o'clock," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, as he passed on towards his room.

"One moment, Mr. Booth," I exclaimed, unable to restrain my curiosity. "You don't believe the major stole them?"

"I can't say anything till to-morrow," he replied, gravely.

With which he nodded "good-night" to me, and abruptly entered his room; and here I may remark that I learnt from subsequent experience that my friend always had a weakness for creating dramatic effects. I frequently accused him of this peculiar form of vanity, and though he defended himself by enlarging upon the danger of premature confidences in matters involving important issues, I am still of opinion that Mr. Booth carried this irritating reticence to undue limits from motives of self-glorification.

However, it was a harmless eccentricity at the worst, though on the present occasion it annoyed me exceedingly, for I was completely mystified by this extraordinary development. On the one hand, all the circumstances of the case pointed to Major Nix as the probable thief, even to the stolen diamonds being actually in his possession; on the other, it was impossible to believe he could be guilty when he had openly offered them for sale in his own house to the lawful owner. It was true that the story of the loss had been hushed up, and the major might have been dense enough not to suspect that the stones belonged to Herr Dolle; but even assuming this, his conduct had either been that of an innocent man or a lunatic.

Next morning Mr. Booth's reserve was more impenetrable than ever; and I did not see Herr Dolle, who had left the house before I came down. I had, therefore, no alternative but to control my impatience as best I could till the evening, when, punctually at the hour named, I presented myself at No. 187 Hatton Garden.

It was a dingy building, in which there were several sets of chambers, and after lingering for a few moments outside, waiting for Mr. Booth, it occurred to me that he might have entered, and I therefore ascended the stairs to Mr. Klenck's office. On reaching the third floor I opened a door which bore his name, my action being signalled by the sharp ring of a bell which answered to the turning of the handle. I found myself in a little square vestibule, partitioned off with glazed panelling, in which was a sliding window marked "Inquiries."

"Yes?" questioned a voice from the other side.

"Is Mr. Booth here?" I inquired.

The response was a "click" at my elbow, which revealed the opening of an inner door, through which I passed into a good-sized room. Here, seated at a table, busily engaged in writing, was my friend Booth, who saluted me with a cool nod and a silent intimation to close the door through which I had entered.

"Where is Mr. Klenck?" I inquired, perceiving that we were alone.

"He has been good enough to let me have the use of his office for half an hour. Mr. Klenck is Herr Dolle's agent," he added, without looking up from his writing.

This was a revelation to me, but seeing that Mr. Booth was occupied with his pen, I forebore to ask questions, and seated myself on a vacant chair opposite to him.

I gazed around me with curiosity, and observed that the only furniture consisted of a couple of small tables covered with blue cloth and surrounded on three sides by a low wooden barrier, evidently designed to prevent small articles from being brushed off; a few chairs, and an enormous safe. I noticed also two sets of scales of fragile and delicate mechanism, with miniature weights, screened by a glass covering; some copper or metal scoops of various small sizes; some pairs of tweezers, and a jeweller's magnifying glass.

"Here they are," said Mr. Booth, suddenly, at the sound of footsteps on the landing outside. "Come in," he added, as the bell rang.

"Is Mr. Klenck in?" inquired the major's voice.

With a sly look at me, Mr. Booth jerked the handle of a small lever attached to the desk at which he was sitting, and Major Nix entered through the inner door, followed by a taller and younger man. Directly they appeared, Mr. Booth rose quickly, and, passing behind them, pushed to the inner door, which fastened with a catch.

"Well, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, briskly, as he returned to the table.

"Hullo! What are *you* doing here?" exclaimed the major, recognizing me with a start.

Noticing a similar movement of surprise on the part of his companion, I looked at the latter attentively, and, though he had evidently taken pains to disguise himself by muffling the lower part of his face in a comforter and keeping on his hat, which was pulled down over his brow, I perceived that it was the young cashier from Mrs. Nix's bank.

"You have a cold, sir?" remarked Mr. Booth, sarcastically, regarding the young man. "You wouldn't otherwise keep your hat on in a gentleman's office."

The person addressed muttered some unintelligible reply, while the major, who seemed suddenly to become vaguely conscious of something being amiss, inquired anxiously:

"Where is Mr. Klenck?"

"He has authorized me to transact this little business," said Mr. Booth.

"Well, this is my friend, and you've got the diamonds," said the major, sulkily.

"No, Herr Dolle has got the diamonds, because they were his property, and at the present moment they are in Amsterdam," said Mr. Booth, quietly.

"This is a trap!" cried the young man furiously, making a sudden movement towards the door, while the major dropped into a chair, open-mouthed.

"The door is locked," said Mr. Booth, indicating the lever by his side, "and no one can leave without my permission."

"Who are you? What's your name?" exclaimed the young man, excitedly.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Major Nix.

Mr. Booth seemed grimly amused at the consternation of his visitors, and for answer he commenced to read aloud from the document he held in his hand.

"*This is the confession of Charles Mortland Morton, a clerk in the Oxford Street Branch of the Middlesex Bank.*"

"It's a lie! I—I only came here to oblige him," cried the young man, pointing to the major with a trembling hand.

"You mean that he stole the diamonds?" said Mr. Booth, looking up innocently.

"How do I know how he came by them?" exclaimed the young man, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"This is just as I expected," said Mr. Booth, glancing at me. "Keep quiet and listen," he added, sharply, to the major, who had risen furiously from his chair.

"*On the 13th inst.*." he went on, reading

"HERE, SEATED AT A TABLE, . . . WAS MY FRIEND BOOTH."

"'HULLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' EXCLAIMED THE MAJOR."

from the document before him, "*Mrs. Nix's housekeeper came to the bank, bringing some gold, notes, and checks in a paper bag, which she handed to me over the counter.*"

"How do you know it was I?" interrupted the clerk, defiantly.

"Because the counterfoil of the 'paying-in' book bears your initials," replied Mr. Booth, quietly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the clerk, manifestly taken aback.

"*Inside the bag which she handed to me I found, in addition to the items mentioned in the 'paying-in' book, a small paper parcel which had evidently slipped in by mistake,*" resumed Mr. Booth, reading from his manuscript.

"I deny it!" cried the clerk, with an oath.

"I questioned the old woman quietly," said Mr. Booth, disregarding the interruption and addressing me, "and found out how it happened. She has no suspicion to this moment, but I elicited from her that, at Mrs. Nix's request, she fetched from the safe a small pile of gold and notes which she put into the bag. Among them, being near-sighted, she no doubt accidentally took up Herr Dolle's little parcel, unobserved by her mistress."

"I never knew Dolle had lost anything," interposed the major, hotly.

"No; I persuaded him—for various reasons—to keep it quiet," replied Mr Booth, smiling at me.

"*When I found the parcel contained diamonds,*" he proceeded, reverting to the written statement, "*I kept the discovery to myself, and, hearing nothing further of the matter, I determined to appropriate them. I owed money, to Major Nix among others, for gambling debts, and I was hard pressed.*"

"*He* was pressing me," interposed the young man, half involuntarily.

"*My difficulty was how to get rid of them without exciting suspicion,*" read Mr. Booth, calmly. "*And at length I decided to employ Major Nix, thinking that if anything went wrong I could deny all knowledge of them, and that the circumstances of the case would bring suspicion on him.*"

"Which was the reason why you were careful to tell me he was in money difficulties," I interrupted, indignantly, addressing the young man, who winced at my words.

"*I therefore told him a cock-and-bull story, which he, like a fool, believed, and—bigger fool still—he undertook the business, in the hope of getting paid what I owed him.* That is the whole," added Mr. Booth, in conclusion.

"You expect me to sign that paper, I suppose," sneered the young man, though he was evidently cowed and overawed.

"No, I expect to have to hand you

over to the police. I give you the chance, that's all," said Mr. Booth, laying down the document on the desk and rising from his chair.

"What if I sign it?" inquired the other, with sudden eagerness.

"Herr Dolle has left himself in my hands," replied Mr. Booth, meaningly. "He will return to prosecute if necessary; otherwise, you will be free to go. The only difficulty I feel is about your employers. They ought to be told."

"They've found out more than enough already, and I'm sacked. What does it matter what I sign! Here, give me the pen," he added, with a transparently assumed air of desperation, and, taking a hasty stride to the table, he dashed off his signature and handed the document to Mr. Booth.

"The door is open," said the latter, quietly, as he jerked the lever.

"What use are you going to make of the paper?" inquired the young man, evidently seized with a sudden apprehension.

"None, upon my honor," said Mr. Booth, folding it up and putting it in his pocket; "unless, indeed, I hear of your making any more libellous statements about Major Nix."

"I couldn't make the major out a greater blackleg than he is," said the young man, with a bitter laugh; and with this parting shot he hurried from the room, and slammed the door after him.

"Hi! Stop!" cried Major Nix, starting up with a great show of virtuous indignation.

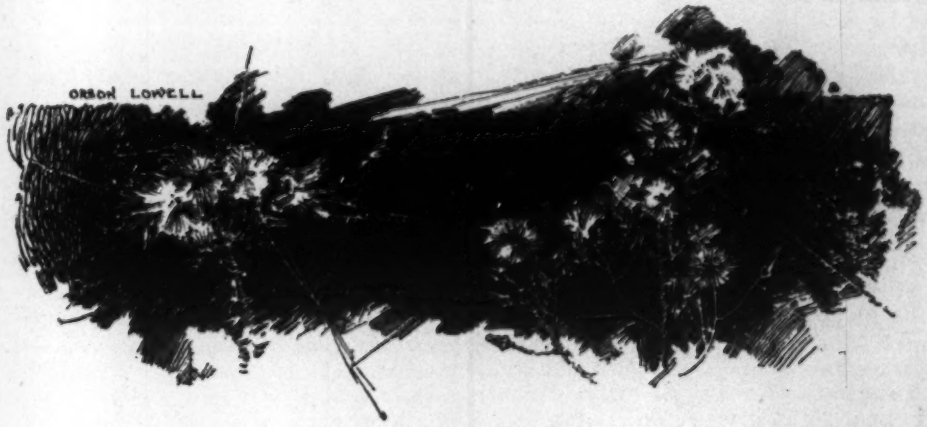
"Nonsense, Major," said Mr. Booth, severely. "Let the poor lad go. You've helped to bring him to this, you know."

"I!" protested the major, though he looked sheepish beneath Mr. Booth's steady regard.

"Oh, he is a bad lot—I know all about him. I don't mean to say that you've led him astray. But you've betted with him—you, a man of nearly twice his age! And let me tell you, my friend, that you were in a very tight place, though you little suspected it," he added, impressively. "But for my interference you would probably have found yourself in the dock over this business, with every chance of hearing a verdict of 'guilty' returned against you by an intelligent jury."

"I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure," murmured Major Nix, in a subdued tone.

"What I did was for your wife's sake, and not for yours," replied Mr. Booth, a little contemptuously. "I'm not sanguine enough to hope that this affair will be a warning to you, but it ought. Perkins," he said, turning to me to hide a smile which was evoked by the major's ludicrous affectation of injured innocence, "would you mind putting out that gas? I promised Mr. Klenck that I would lock the office up and hand the key to the housekeeper. We must get back or we shall be late for dinner."



TWO MODERN PRODIGALS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

By James F. McKay,

Author of "A Leap in the Dark," "Stella Grayland," and other stories.

TOM STANDISH and Chauncey Smith were chums at school. Tom went into the army and Chauncey into the church, and they drifted apart. Chauncey made a brilliant start in his first parish, but he resigned suddenly, and wandered about, then went out as missionary to the Oregons. Few knew that the cause of his going off the track was a certain Emily Varick.

Miss Varick was a young person of ideas; and when Chauncey expressed his great regard for her, she repulsed him with some scornful remarks about carpet knights and the need there was for men and women to do noble deeds before saying fine words.

Out West he met Frank Standish, but could get nothing from him about Tom. He did not succeed there, nor get on well with the other missionaries. Finally, he gave it up at short notice, and went straight back home to the old farm among the eastern hills. He left his baggage at the station, and walked home across lots, touched by every familiar stone and tree. It was haying-time, and he saw his father at the other end of a mown field. He took a stray fork and began heaping up the windrows, finding it pleasant that he could beat the man on the next row. The old man presently came down to see who it was, and Chauncey kept his head down and made the hay fly till his father stood close beside him. Then he dropped the fork and threw his arms across the bent shoulders, laughing with a sudden dimness in his eyes.

"This is honest work," he said. "I guess this is what I was made for."

The old folks were glad and sorry, but saw he was not to be questioned. He worked away and made it pleasant for them all that summer and fall, but he did not find it satisfying. In the middle of November he got a letter from Frank Standish which he showed to his mother, and he told her the story in a few words.

"I have just heard you are out of the woods," the captain wrote. "I know just the spot for you. Maberly is going to take a professorship, and they want a parson up at Standish. They pay pretty well, and you're just the man. There's work enough to satisfy you and the kind of work you ought to be at. I've spoken about you, and they want to see you. Come up and preach for them at Thanksgiving. We'll all be at home this year, and will make it pleasant for you. Did you know I had been getting engaged? She'll be there—come and see her. We'll depend on you."

The old folks talked it over that night, and they urged him to go, though they would miss him sadly. So he set to work on a Thanksgiving sermon. He threw it away several times and went to work out of doors again. But he saw it vexed the old people; they had expected great things of him. Everybody had, in fact; he had been a brilliant fellow at college, class poet and a forcible speaker. In the end, he finished his sermon and started for Standish, intending to stop over one train in the city on some business of his father's.

On the train he remembered that Dan Field lived at Preston on this road, and he looked out for him. Sure enough he saw him getting on the train. They sat together the rest of the way, and Chauncey found his friend's strong, laughing talk very pleasant to hear again. He told him where he was going, and they talked over the Standishes, Nelly's marriage to Colonel Haven, Parry's narrow escape from

the Arctic, and the rest. Chauncey asked Field if he knew anything about Tom and why Frank would not speak of him. Then Field stopped laughing.

"No, they don't talk about Tom. Tom went to the bad. He got to be a lieutenant, and was out in New Mexico, acting captain and commissary of the post. He got into some scrape; there was a shortage in his accounts or something, and he was court-martialed and dismissed from the army in disgrace. Scott Jervis ran across him in New Orleans in a shirt and trousers and close down to the husks. Scott bought him a ticket and sent him home; and when he got to Standish they turned him out. He had dishonored them, and they shut the door in his face."

Chauncey made little reply to this, except by the expression on his face. Tom Standish had been the gentlest, nicest boy he knew; and he did not know how to make this story fit. Finally he asked Field if he knew where Tom was.

"Yes, I think he's about town. I used to get a glimpse of him, but he keeps on the shady side, and I haven't seen him in a long time. I hear about him occasionally, though, through a client of mine who keeps a place on the east side."

They talked about some other things, but Chauncey was absent and forgetful, and after a while asked Field for his client's address. Field wrote a few words on a card, and gave it to him. Just as they were shaking hands in the hubbub of the streets, Field said, "Remember me to Frank Standish; I suppose he told you he is going to marry Emily Varick."

A wave of the hand, and then he was gone. Chauncey drifted on with the human tide. When he remembered his father's business, it was too late for that day. He found he was tired out, and took a room at a cheap hotel near by. He threw himself on the bed, and lay there several hours without moving.

Finally he got up and went out into the streets again. It was night now, and he wandered into a riotous quarter, finding it congenial with his humor. He saw, on a lamp, the name of the street Field had written for him, looked up the number, and went in. He gave Field's card to the proprietor of the place; and the man looked at it and him; then said:

"I expect the man you want will be in here before long. I'll give you a hint when he comes."

A faintness had crept upon Chauncey; he forgot that he had not eaten anything since early morning. He sat down aside, where he could watch the door. Presently a man came in and stood speaking to some one near the entrance. Chauncey sat looking at him in a kind of a dream, in which the brilliant lights, the swinging doors, the coming and going, the loud talk of flashy, sharp-faced men, swam in a shifting scene. Something made him turn, and the keeper of the place caught his eye, and motioned with his thumb toward the door. He got up and met the new-comer half way. He was shabby and unkempt enough; but Chauncey was glad he was not like most of the people in the place, who were not shabby at least. He had to stare sharply to find the Standish look in the dull face, though, to tell the truth, Tom had always been a trifle dull.

"Well, Tom, I suppose you don't remember me," he said.

"Yes," he answered, without brightening, "I know you; you're Chauncey Smith."

Chauncey had not the slightest idea what he was going to do with him, but he said decidedly:

"Tom, come along with me. I want to talk to you."

Tom looked dogged as well as dull.

"I don't want to go with you. If you want to talk, we can do it here."

"All I've got to say," Chauncey replied, "is that I think you've had enough of this, and I want you to come out of it."

Tom simply refused, and Chauncey responded:

"Well, if you won't come with me, I'll go with you. I don't care much which."

There was a certain hardness and recklessness in Chauncey's manner that worked through to Tom's dulled perception and affected him more than any appeal would have done; and finding that he could not shake Chauncey off, he finally asked what he wanted of him, and let him take him away. Chauncey did not talk, but took him under his arm and walked him along with an impatient, almost fierce imperiousness that wielded the sway of natural right over Tom's milder spirit. He went into a clothing-store, pencilled on a scrap of wrapping-paper for the man to take Tom's measure in his eye, and pointed out what he wanted. His pocket-book was not very stout when he went in, and was lean when he came out, but he didn't care. He fetched the bundle away under one arm and Tom under the other. He went into some baths behind a barber shop, saying:

"Tom, I've been travelling all day and

feel principally composed of cinders and engine-smoke. Let's have a wash-up."

He turned on the water for Tom, threw down the bundle, and told him to put on the things, shut him in, and went into the next place himself. He was waiting when Tom came out, and he told the barbers to do their worst by them both. Then he saw in a glass that Tom looked something like a Standish again. He brought him away, and took him up to his room, stopping at the office to write T. J. Standish on the register. Then he sat down opposite to Tom, and forgot all about him for a good while, though he seemed to be staring at him all the time.

"HE HAD TO STAKE SHARPLY TO FIND THE STANDISH LOOK IN THE DULL FACE."

By and by this roused a certain resentment in Tom, and he spoke up angrily:

"Now, I'd like to know what you mean by all this."

Chauncey straightened up, and woke himself slowly to a remembrance of the situation. Then he said, with a deliberateness that showed the fiery temper behind it:

"Say that over again slow."

It was the perception of this something unnatural, something almost furious, behind Chauncey's words and manner, that made Tom passive in his hands. There had never been anything coarse about the Chauncey Smith that Tom had known, and now his whole manner and speech were rough. His talk had suddenly caught the flavor of the street, of the untamed, riotous world. He had chaffed and laughed harshly with the bath-keeper and the hotel clerk. Tom was shaken and stung by his scornful expression.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that a little soap and water can clean up a man who has been down in the mud for years?"

"No, I don't," Chauncey retorted. "I'll tell you what I suppose; I suppose any man is liable to slip and get down under foot and even roll into the gutter. But I didn't suppose until now that a man who had been brought up on soap and water would like mud well enough to be still and wallow in it until somebody came and pulled him out by the neck. I supposed that any one out of his teens must know that every man has his own way to make in this world, without much help from anybody else, and that any man who lies down in the street and whines for somebody to pick him up and push him along the straight road is a miserable fraud and failure."

He said more of the same sort, said it harshly and hotly, and with the emphasis of strong language. His words were harder than those Tom had met when he went home, but there was an underlying difference that Tom felt rather than saw. The few words he had met at home sent him away hard and desperate; Chauncey's unbridled reproaches broke him to pieces, doubled him up, and set him sobbing like a whipped child.

Chauncey kept still then, and did not interfere. But when Tom looked up, at length, he saw Chauncey bent forward, looking at him with his face between his hands. And from the face between his hands looked out a haggard misery.

"I *am* a failure," Tom complained,—"I ought to know. And I'm a fraud, too. I suppose you've heard of it, like everybody else. I lost the money playing cards; there wasn't anything else to do in that cursed hole. But they needn't have

been so hard on me when I went home. It was Frank and Nelly that were the worst. Nelly said she'd rather have heard that I was dead, and Frank put me out. The old man was awfully cut up, but I think I could have made it up with him if I had seen him alone. And I know Kate was sorry; but she wasn't home. I've got the letter here that she wrote me; I've read it a hundred times, but I never answered it. Frank is no saint himself, as I know. He said I had disgraced them, and they disowned me forever. I said I would disgrace them then, and I guess I have. But I might have done worse yet if it hadn't been for Kate."

Chauncey still looked at him from between his hands.

"Don't mind me, Tom," he said; "I wasn't preaching at you so much as at myself. It's I that am the failure. I got turned out, too, and I haven't stood up against it any better than you. I've been racing and raving about the country for a couple of years, and haven't done a decent thing. And I'm the worst kind of a fraud. I'm on my way now to preach at Thanksgiving and tell the people all the things we've got to be thankful for, and there isn't a thing in the world that I'm thankful for myself. See here, Tom; I've got it in my pocket, all written out. Oh, it's beautiful! It shows you what great gains we've made, what blood and tears our liberty has cost, what noble characters and families generations of brave living have bred (like the Standishes, for example), and all the rest. And I don't care, to-night, if chaos comes again; I know the world is full of griefs too bitter for tears and wounds too deep to bleed. We're down in the ditch together, and it won't do any good for us to call names."

And so these two confessed poor sinners humbled and bemoaned themselves far into the night, and crept sick-hearted into bed as the dawn began to come in from the sea. The city was all bustle and sunshine when they rose from their unrefreshing sleep. They went down and ate breakfast together, then wandered aimlessly about the town. It brought back the memory of a holiday they had spent there as joyous boys; and they took the freak of going about to some of the same sights and shows, laughing as loudly as then, but with a different humor, as may be supposed.

So the day passed, and Chauncey showed no sign of proceeding on his journey. He had not named his destination, but had intimated that he was due farther north the night previous; and now it was the day before Thanksgiving. He had not gone into any particulars, but it had been borne in upon Tom that here was a keener spirit than his own, quite as likely as not to go to pieces in the strait it was in. Chauncey left the lead to him all day, and in the evening Tom told Chauncey it was time to go and get his things to take the night train.

So Chauncey went along with him, paid his bill, and they went up together to the northern train. Chauncey went to the ticket-office, and when he came back Tom held out his hand.

"I won't forget this," he said, his voice turning thick as he spoke. "You're the first one that hasn't despised me; you've done me a good turn. I'm going to do better."

Chauncey did not take his hand.

"I've got your ticket," he said. "I won't go unless you do."

Tom said there was no reason for his going; and Chauncey replied, then they wouldn't go. He did not know what he was going to do with Tom or with himself. Quite probably he perceived vaguely that throwing the lead on Tom had a good effect; and he persisted in it, half recklessly, half purposely. That was characteristic of his doubting and subtilizing intellect. Tom argued, hesitated, then went with him as the gates were about to close. They arrived between three and four in the morning, and went to the nearest hotel. Chauncey had kept the tickets, and Tom took no notice and did not know where they were to.

On the previous morning Chauncey Smith had naturally been the subject of talk at the breakfast table in the Standish mansion. He had been expected the preceding night. Emily Varick was there. She had been a school friend of Kate's, and in that way became acquainted with Kate's brother, Captain Frank, whom she admired as one of the doers of heroic things and a handsome, courtly fellow personally. Frank was led to speak of his acquaintance with Chauncey in the far West and the rather singular kind of missionary he made.

"I used to think he was cut out for a soldier or trapper. He was a great rider and a splendid shot, and I don't think that he has any such thing as fear in his composition. I used to wonder at him; we never thought of him in that way in the old times. He used to be quite natty,

"HE LAY AND GUARDED THAT PATH WITH A REPEATING RIFLE, AND DROPPED EVERY REDSKIN THAT SHOWED HIMSELF."

and his strong point was his head. There wasn't any white man out there the Indians were as much afraid of as Parson Smith. I saw him knock down one of the biggest braves, one day, with his naked hand. And when the Shanahan family were cut off by the hostiles, nobody else would go, because it seemed sure death, and it would have been sure death to any one else. Smith lodged the women in a sort of chamber which he beat down in the middle of a thicket, where there was only a path for one to come in at a time; and he lay and guarded that path with a repeating rifle, and dropped every redskin that showed himself, till he beat them off and gained time for the troops to come up. Yet he didn't seem to take much pleasure in anything; he was waspish in his temper and a kind of rough in his talk and dress. I used to think something had happened to him, but most likely he was only out of place."

They did not know that Emily Varick knew Chauncey Smith, and she said nothing; but there was no more interested hearer of this account of him, as may be supposed.

Chauncey and Tom came out of the hotel as the bell of the old church was ringing on Thanksgiving morning. Tom then first discovered that he was in the familiar old place, and it staggered him a good deal. They strolled along, looking about them silently, and came to the church door. Then Tom said:

"I won't go in now, but I'll wait for you. Maybe I'll come in by and by."

Chauncey hesitated, then went up the aisle and the pulpit stairs. The sexton

came and asked him if he was Mr. Smith, saying they had given him up and an old resident minister was expected to preach. Chauncey told him to send the old gentleman up; and he presently came, shook hands, and asked if he should conduct the opening services, and Chauncey said he should like it. Then he saw the people gathering as in a dream. He saw the Standishes come down the aisle, each glancing up at him, and among them one who took his thoughts away from all the rest. The dream drifted on. Through it presently organ music rose and rolled; an anthem of many voices filled the house; the tones of prayer and scripture followed from the old gray-head beside him. And then he became aware that the people were waiting for him to speak.

The sermon he had prepared was in his pocket, and he took it out mechanically, but did not open it; all that fact and logic was simply impossible. The phrase came into his mind, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." And he began in a low voice that never became loud, but grew more and more distinct as it took hold of the people, and hushed them by its suppressed passion and conviction.

He alluded to the obvious causes for thankfulness, the undeniable gains of progress, our precious freedom and the great debt to the dead who wrought it out for us, and the honor and emulation we rightly show to those who personally represent their noble traditions of character and courage. He said that those who could uphold the heritage of honored names prospered only by the tenure of continued noble living, and not by any show of pride or state. He said that, after all, the individual life was the one essential thing, to which all the rest was but accessory; that in Job's day as in ours a man's life was a march from mystery to mystery, that still the earth is full of sorrow and sin, that the strength of the strongest is a breaking staff and the knowledge of the wisest but to see the vastness of the unknown. He said that all inventions and institutions came to nothing if they did not result in making men the more to do justice and love mercy and truth, and that perhaps justice between man and man, when all was considered, was not far removed from the charity that is not puffed up but suffers long and forgives as it hopes to be forgiven; that the mother who watches heart-sick, night after night, and hopes against hope, for the return of the prodigal to his right mind, reproaching him only by her wan face and tireless solicitude, does as much as another to bring him to feel the bitterness of feeding with the swine and to save his soul and her own. And he closed with the quotation: "I say unto you, that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

"I AM NOT GOING TO MARRY CAPTAIN STANDISH."

The service drew to an end, and the congregation dispersed. The Standishes waited while the old minister spoke with Chauncey; and when they came down from the pulpit together, Captain Frank went forward to meet them. Kate Standish stood by her father in the aisle, tall, and strikingly like the gray-haired admiral with his straight and gracious dignity; and now there was a certain wistful regret in both their faces, and neither of them

spoke. The place grew empty while they waited for Frank to come with Chauncey, and Frank's sister, Mrs. Haven, chatted with Miss Varick in an undertone. Kate's attention was attracted to a young man near the east door, partly hidden by a pillar against which he leaned, with his back toward them. Presently she moved slowly down the aisle, keeping her eyes upon the stranger. She came quite near him by degrees, then stood still regarding him until he turned his face, as if by a painful effort, without looking up. She went forward, came full in front of him; and then he raised his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, and threw her arms about his neck.

Chauncey had slipped out at the rear door, and Frank joined the family and came down the aisle with them. Astonished at Kate, they came near and found her sobbing on Tom's neck. Frank took hold of her arm and spoke sternly, commanding her to come away; but Tom straightened up then, put his arm about her, and faced the tall captain.

"Stand off," he said. "She is my sister as much as yours."

Frank had assumed a good deal of power in the family of late years, and his father had given way to him. But days like this always brought the old admiral bitter longings for his lost boy, which the words he had just heard had not made less; and he interposed now with a tremulous authority not to be gainsaid.

"Let her alone; it is her brother. He is my son; and if he has come back penitent, he shall not be turned away."

And Tom was penitent enough, and went home to his father's house, where all but Frank and Mrs. Haven received him with varying degrees of cordiality. Frank did not come to dinner at all, but had an interview with his father alone afterward, and then went and talked with Miss Varick. He told her how much he regretted this unfortunate affair on her account; said that his father had been wrought upon by the impertinent personalities of that fellow Smith and refused to hear reason; that it was, of course, very painful to him, but it was his duty as the future head of the family to protest in its honor by leaving the house. He was sorry to cut short her visit, but as his future wife, she would, of course, wish to leave with him, and he would accompany her to the city in the morning. To his surprise, Miss Varick dissented from these views and arrangements.

The captain, who was very angry, under a show of courtly bearing gave her the night to consider, and said he would take her answer in the morning as an intimation that she did or did not wish to continue their present relation.

Emily Varick did not sleep much that night. Early in the morning, Captain Frank sent her a ceremonious note, asking if she desired his escort into town; and she returned a more simple reply, to the effect that she was very sorry, but could not go with him that day. He read it and turned away, and ordered himself to be driven to the train alone.

Emily went into Kate's room and talked it over with her, both being much concerned, and some tears were shed on both sides. Kate told her friend more fully about Tom, and enlarged upon Chauncey's generous service, of which Tom had been talking to her. He had found him at the hotel again, and urged him to remain, and this morning had gone down to him with an invitation from the admiral. Tom came back alone, found Kate with Miss Varick, and told her that Chauncey sent his regrets, but said there were reasons personal to himself that made it impossible for him to come. Tom said he was going up to his father, and then would return to the hotel. Miss Varick turned to him then, and said:

"When you go back to the hotel, tell him that I wish him to come."

Tom looked his surprise, but bowed and went on up-stairs. Kate looked at Emily.

"Do you know Chauncey Smith?"

And Emily answered, "Yes."

Kate made no further inquiry except by a long, grave look in her face; but when Tom came up and told her Chauncey was below, she took Emily with her and went down. She walked straight across to Chauncey, gave him her hand, and said warmly:

"I am very glad, indeed, to see you, and very grateful. I will go and tell my father. Here is some one you know."

She went out and shut the door. Chauncey did not move or speak until Emily came across and said, with embarrassment:

"I am glad you came. I wanted to say to you that I think you have acted a very generous and unselfish part in this affair, knowing, as you must, that you ran the risk of forfeiting an excellent position by doing and saying what you did. You must be glad now. And I wanted to say that I have heard of your noble bravery and de-

votion in the West, and that—and that I—"

He stood looking down at her. After a pause, he said in a low tone:

"There is not a word of truth in all that."

She sat down then, and both were silent. After a while he asked:

"Would you mind if I tell you the truth?"

And she answered, "Yes, tell me."

"I went to the West on your account; I was restless at home, and I was restless and reckless out there. I earned the dislike of the missionaries, and was impatient and overbearing with the Indians. I didn't care for my life, and they thought me brave. I didn't care for anything but you. I did no good out there, and have been working as a farm-laborer this year, wasting the talents and education that were given me. On my way here I heard about Tom, and that you were going to marry Frank Standish. I was sorry about Tom, of course, but should not have done him any good if I had not been desperate myself. I could not have come here and preached as I intended, knowing about you. Tom did as much to bring me as I to bring him. In truth, I suppose it was my hunger to see you that brought us both."

"You should not talk so; if we analyzed motives in that way, all honor would disappear."

She turned away and stood by the window a little while, then came back part way.

"I think I said some foolish things to you, which I am afraid did you harm. I am very sorry, and want to do anything I can to repair the wrong. I am going to tell you something about myself, on the condition that you do not take me to mean anything more than exactly what I say, and that you say nothing in reply, but go away and get back to honest work at your vocation, and do not come to see me for a year. I am not going to marry Captain Standish."

Chauncey stood still, incapable, for a time, of taking in the meaning of those dozen syllables that changed the aspect and attitude of all the universe.

"I am sorry you are troubled," he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You forget the condition," she returned.

"I did not agree to the condition. I have been selfish and blind, and I want you to say you forgive me. It was because I cared so much for you that I could not think of anything—I could not care for anything else in the world besides you. Don't you think you could forgive me for that?"

He was sufficiently serious, yet there was a suggestion of humor in his words that marked the returning sanity of his mind and made Emily laugh through quick-springing tears, stirred by the same obscure touch in the kindred fountains of sorrow and mirth. Then she got up quickly and went toward the door; but Chauncey followed and detained her.

"Emily," he pleaded, "a year is such a long time. If I get well to work before that, may I come and tell you? Say in six months?"

"Well," she answered, "I suppose you will have it your own way."

He took her hand from the knob and held it a moment tight in his own, looking at her earnestly. Then he opened the door for her, stood aside, and let her go away.

Tom went with him to the train at his departure, and they shook hands warmly yet soberly at parting. Tom thanked him again, and expressed his determination to redeem the past. And Chauncey said:

"I owe you at least as much as you owe me. We've climbed out of the ditch together, Tom. We haven't either of us got to the top of the hill or in sight of it yet, but the straight road lies before us, and we both know the taste of ditch water well enough not to want to roll in again if we can help it."

MR. AND MRS. WARD'S HOME AT NEWTON CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

A NOVELIST'S VIEWS OF NOVEL-WRITING.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," etc.

AUTHORSHIP AND ACTIVE PHILANTHROPY.—MORAL PURPOSE IN FICTION.—THE WRITING OF SHORT STORIES.

A MAKER of books with any tendency towards the activities of moral reform may be at some peculiar disadvantages. As I look back upon the last twenty-five years of my own life, I seem to myself to have achieved little or nothing in the stir of the great movements for improving the condition of society which have distinguished our day. Yet I am conscious that these have often thrust in my study door and dragged me out into their forays, if not upon their battlefields. The grandfather who belonged to the underground railway and the grandfather of the German lexicon must have contended in the brain cells or heart cells of their unconscious descendant, as our ancestors do in the lives of all of us; for the reformer's blood and the student's blood have always had an uncomfortable time of it together in my veins.

It is almost impossible to understand, now, what it meant when I was twenty-five for a young lady, reared as I was on Andover Hill, to announce that she should forthwith approve and further the enfranchisement and elevation of her own sex. Seen beside the really great martyrdoms and dedications of the "causes" which throb through our modern life, this seems an episode only large enough to cause a smile. Yet I do not, to this hour, like to recall, and I have no intention whatever of revealing, what it cost me. In fact, it seems to have been my luck to stumble into various forms of progress to which I have been of the smallest possible use, yet for whose sake I have suffered the discomfort attending all action in moral improvements without the happiness of knowing that this was clearly quite worth while.

The creed is short, though it has taken a long time to formulate it.

I believe in the life everlasting, which is sure to be; and that it is the first duty of Christian faith to present that life in a form more attractive to the majority of men than the life that now is.

I believe in women, and in their right to their own best possibilities in every department of life.

I believe that the methods of dress practised among women are a marked hindrance to the realization of these possibilities, and that they should be scorned or persuaded out of society.

I believe that the miseries consequent on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all dedicated lives; and that, while the abolition of American slavery was numerically first, the abolition of the liquor traffic is not morally second.

I believe that the urgent protest against vivisection which marks our immediate day, and the whole plea for lessening the miseries of animals as endured at the hands of men, constitute the "next" great moral question which is to be put to the intelligent conscience, and that only the educated conscience can properly reply to it.

I believe that the condition of our common and statute laws is behind our age to an extent unperceived by all but a few of our social reformers; that wrongs mediæval in character, and practically resulting in great abuses and much unrecorded suffering, are still to be found at the doors of our legal system; and that they will remain there till the fated fanatic of this undeveloped "cause" arises to demolish them.

I am uncertain whether I ought to add that I believe in the homœopathic system of therapeutics. I am often told by sceptical friends that I hold this belief on a par with the Christian religion, and I am not altogether inclined to deny the sardonic impeachment! When our bodies cease to be drugged into disease and sin, it is my personal impression that our souls will begin to stand a fair chance; perhaps not much before.

Too brief a creed! Yet still too short a life to practise it! But may the clover refuse to grow over my grave, and the flowers laid there by the dearest hands shrink from it, if I outlive the impulse of my heart to keep step with the onward movement of human life, and to perceive the battle afar off, charging when and where I can.

Justice Holmes, the son of our great poet, in a recent Decoration Day address, struck a pæan in praise of the "splendid carelessness of life" which war taught us. Give us such splendid carelessness in moral as in physical danger, and the world will spin fast towards the stars!

I have intimated that the claims of my study have interfered with the demands which social reform would otherwise have made upon my life. This is an inevitable fact, imperfectly to be understood except by people whose business is to stay in a study. There is a puzzled expression sometimes cast upon one by men and women—but especially by women—whom one holds in the highest honor, whose own existence is dedicated to the moral agitation of the platform and the convention and to the machinery of organization. Mine is not, nor has it ever been. My intellect may go with them, and my heart may throb for them, but my time and my vitality have always been distinctly the property of my ideals of literary art; ideals which are not the less imperious to me because I know better than any of my critics how impossible it has been for me to reach them, where they—

> "Swing like lamps in the Judgment Hall
> On the eve of the Day of the Last Awaking."

"Do not trouble her. She works in another way from ours," said Mrs. Livermore gently, one day, to some unknown agitator who was abusing rather than entreating me into the performance of some platform exhibition for the sake of the cause. I blessed the great woman who defended me from the small one, and I think of her words and manner gratefully to this day.

And this leads me to say, by the way—if I may spare a paragraph for the confession—that it is fortunate for the real usefulness and power of women in public address that their eminent success in this direction has never in the least depended upon my individual contributions to its history. In the course of my life I have made, indeed, the most conscientious and courageous efforts to defy my own temperament in this respect. I have read, and preached, and lectured; possibly I may have martyred myself in this manner fifteen or twenty times. The kindest of audiences, and my full quota of encouragement, have not, and has not, been able to supply me with the pluck required to add visibly to this number of public ap-

pearances. Before an audience I am an abject coward, and I have at last concluded to admit the humiliating fact. The solid amount of suffering which I have endured on such occasions is as disproportionate as it is ridiculous. Once I was rash enough to pledge myself to deliver a short course of literary lectures before a coëducational university, where I was sure of that admiring and uncritical sympathy which young students give to a teacher to whom, for any reason, they feel at all drawn. For six disastrous weeks before this simple experience I dwindled with terror, day and night; and I came to that audience of boys and girls as if they had been a den of tigers and I a solitary disabled gladiator, doomed at their claws.

I contrived to live to the end of that "course of lectures," hiding my agonies with such hypocritical dissimulation that I was told their existence was not suspected by my audience. Whether the students were any wiser for that literary instruction I do not know; but I was. The inevitable miseries of life are enough, I said. I will never ornament them with the superfluous again. To the lecture bureaus and the charity entertainments of our elocutionary land I have since that occasion offered one monotonous reply: I am not a platform woman. Go thou in peace, but, I pray thee, have me excused.

Dr. Bushnell's strong and vicious phrase, "the reform-against nature," which is so often misapplied in opposition to the higher interests of women, sometimes finds its fit survival; and I meekly suggest this as one of the contingencies which it seems created to cover. I glory in the success of a modest and high-minded woman in public address. I am proud of her to the last shrinking nerve in my own organization. She seems to me something phenomenal, to be admired in silent awe. But this is a reform against *my* nature; and I have retreated from the field.

I have said (to return to our interrupted thought) that the duties of a student and writer have often encroached upon my power to throw my life into moral reforms; but I am anxious to add that my interest in moral reforms has never, to my consciousness, encroached upon my power—such as that has been—to write, or upon those habits of study which are the key to the combination lock of all successful writing. On the contrary, I am distinctly aware that such sympathies with the moral agitations of our day as have touched me at all have fed, not famished, my literary work. I think that most writers who have trodden a similar path would say as much; but there is more involved in such testimony than would seem at first sight. Let me suspend the thought, however, while I allow myself a moment of more purely personal musing.

Upon reviewing the list of books which my long-suffering publishers of the eminent and friendly house which has borne with me for thirty years attribute to my pen, I find in the whole of it but one which is confessedly and componently written to further an ethical reform. This is a little pamphlet on the dress of women. It is nothing more nor less than a tract; and never claimed to be. A tract, though it spoke with the rhetoric of men, of artists, or of angels, and though it had compassed the circulation of a yellow novel or a spelling-book, is in no sense literature, nor even literary art; nor ever claims to be. No artist or artisan of the school of art for art's sake can be more acutely aware of axioms like these than his fellow-student who, from a diametrically opposite conception of the nature and province of literature, dips his pen now and then into the hot blood of some battle with skulking error which preachers and philanthropists and men of science have passed by upon the other side and left for the teller of tales or the singer of song to trouble himself wherewith.

If I am reminded how many of my stories have been written with an ethical purpose, that is quite another accusation, and one which I have not, from any point of view, the wraith of a wish to deny.

I have been particularly asked, in closing these papers, to say a few words about my own theory of literary art. However unimportant one's personal fraction of achievement may be, it is built upon theory of some kind; and the theory may be considered of as much or as little interest or value as the work achieved.

"I have never gone—I do not go—so deep as that," said one of our foremost novelists to me, many years ago, when I asked him why he did not handle some situation which had presented itself to me as peculiarly adapted to his strong and delicate pen. But he spoke gravely, and too thoughtfully for the lightness of his words. I was not surprised when, long afterwards, I noticed that he had become absorbed in some of the most serious of sociological questions, and that a book of

his no longer held itself in graceful scorn apart from the study of the higher and the deeper laws which govern human life. But the phrase of his stayed by me. He would not go "so deep as that"? Yet this was no inditer of society verse, no builder of uproarious paragraphs, no dabbler in comedy, whose profession it was to make a man laugh after dinner, or a woman smile when she had sat down to cry. (Heaven preserve the lightsome race, for we need them when we can spare the tragic artist.) He of whom I speak was an artist in fiction; of dignity, versatility, and fame.

What manner of artist were he, I make bold to ask, who would not "go as deep as that"? Graceful, elaborate, subtle, ingenious, charming, he may be. Perfect, I suggest, he is not, and he cannot be; no, nor even complete in the artistic sense of the term, who refuses to portray life exactly as it is.

In a word, I believe it to be the province of the literary artist to tell the truth about the world he lives in: and I suggest that, in so far as he fails to be an accurate truth-teller, he fails to be an artist.

Now, there is something obviously very familiar about this simple proposition; and, turning to trace the recognition down, one is amused to perceive that here is almost the precise language of the school of writers to which one distinctly does not belong. Truth, like climate, is common property; and I venture to suggest that the issue between the two contending schools of literary art to-day is not so much one of fact as of form; or, perhaps I should rather say, not so much one of theory as of temperament in the expression of theory.

A literary artist portrays life as it is, or has been, as it might be, or as it should be. We classify him as the realist, the romanticist, or the idealist; though I am not sure but our classification is more defective than his ability to meet it. Separate, for instance, the first of these clauses from the formulation. Let us say, it is the duty of the artist in fiction to-day to paint life as it exists. With this inevitable observation who of us has any quarrel?

The quarrel arises when the artist defines his subject and chooses his medium. The conflict begins when the artist proffers his personal impression as to what life is. "Your work," said Hall Caine before the Century Club, "is what you are." Just here, I venture to suggest, lies the only important, uncontested field left in a too familiar war. Most of the controversy between our schools of art goes "firing wild," because it fails to perceive the true relations of this one simple feature of resistance.

We are all agreed, I submit, that we should picture life as it is. If I may return to the definitive words, our difference is not so much one of artistic theory as of the personal equation. Our book reveals what life is to us. Life is to us what we are. Mr. Howells, in his charming papers of last autumn on literary Boston, has given us some of the latest phrases of the school of art whose chief exponent in America he undoubtedly is. Of our great New Englanders—Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe—he says: "Their art was Puritan. So far as it was impressed . . it was marred by the intense ethicism that pervaded . . . and still characterizes the New England mind. . . . They still helplessly pointed the moral in all they did. It was in poetry and in romance that they excelled. In the novel, so far as they attempted it, they failed. . . . New England yet lacks her novelist, because it was her instinct and her conscience to be true to an ideal of life rather than to life itself." Of the greatest of American novels, he concludes by saying that "it is an address to the conscience and not to the taste; to the ethical sense, not the æsthetical sense."

This is not the place, nor does it offer the space, in which to reply with anything which I should call thoroughness to such a view of the nature of art. But it seems to be the place for me to suggest, at least, as much as this:

Since art implies the truthful and conscientious study of life as it is, we contend that to be a radically defective view of art which would preclude from it the ruling constituents of life. Moral character is to human life what air is to the natural world—it is elemental.

There was more than literary science in Matthew Arnold's arithmetic when he called "conduct three-fourths of life." Possibly the Creator did not make the world chiefly for the purpose of providing studies for gifted novelists; but if He had done so, we can scarcely imagine that He could have offered anything much better in the way of material, even though one look the moral element squarely in the face and abide by the fact of its tremendous proportion in the scheme of things. The moral element, it cannot be denied,

predominates enormously in the human drama. The moral struggle, the creation of character, the moral ideal, failure and success in reaching it, anguish and ecstasy in missing or gaining it, the instinct to extend the appreciation of moral beauty and to worship its Eternal Source—these exist wherever human being does. The whole magnificent play of the moral nature sweeps over the human stage with a force, a splendor, and a diversity of effect which no artist can deny if he would, which the greatest artist never tries to withstand, and against which the smallest will protest in vain.

Strike "ethicism" out of life, good friends, before you shake it out of story! Fear less to seem "Puritan" than to be inadequate. Fear more to be superficial than to seem "deep." Fear less to point your moral than to miss your opportunity. It is for us to remind you, since it seems to us that you overlook the fact, that in any highly formed or fully formed creative power the "ethical" as well as the "æsthetical sense" is developed. Where "the taste" is developed at the expense of "the conscience" the artist is incomplete. He is, in this case, at least *as* incomplete as he is where the ethical sense is developed at the expense of the æsthetic. Specialism in literary art, as in science, has its uses, but it is not symmetry; and this is not a law intended to work only one way.

It is an ancient and honorable rule of rhetoric, that he is the greatest writer who, other things being equal, has the greatest subject. He is, let us say, the largest artist who, other things being equal, holds the largest view of human life. The largest view of human life, we contend, is that which recognizes moral responsibility, and which recognizes it in the greatest way.

In a word, the province of the artist is to portray life as it is, and life *is* moral responsibility. Life is several other things, we do not deny. It is beauty, it is joy, it is tragedy, it is comedy, it is psychical and physical pleasure, it is the interplay of a thousand rude or delicate motions and emotions, it is the grimmest and the merriest motley of phantasmagoria that could appeal to the gravest or the maddest brush ever put to palette; but it is steadily and sturdily and always moral responsibility. An artist can no more fling off the moral sense from his work than he can oust it from his private life. A great artist (let me repeat) is too great to try to do so. With one or two familiar exceptions, of which more might be said, the greatest have laid in the moral values of their pictures just as life lays them in; and in life they are not to be evaded. There is a squeamishness against "ethicism" which is quite as much to be avoided as any squeamishness about "the moral nude in art" or other debatable question. The great way is to go grandly in, as the Creator did when He made the models which we are fain to copy. After all, the Great Artist is not a poor master; all His foregrounds stand out against the perspective of the moral nature. Why go tiptoeing about the easel to avoid it?

"Helplessly to point the moral" is the last thing needful or artistic. The moral takes care of itself. Life is moral struggle. Portray the struggle, and you need write no tract. In so far as you feel obliged to write the tract, your work is not well done. One of the greatest works of fiction ever given to the world in any tongue was "Les Misérables." Are those five books the less novels because they raised the mortal cry of the despised and rejected against the deafness of the world? By the majesty of a great art, No!

Did Victor Hugo write a tract? He told an immortal story. Hold beside it the sketches and pastels, the etchings, the studies in dialect, the adoration of the incident, the dissection of the cadaver, which form the fashion in the ateliers of our schools to-day!

It has seemed to me, to return to the personal question, that, so far as one is able to command attention at all, one's first duty in the effort to become a literary artist is to portray the most important, not altogether the least important, features of the world he lives in. The last thirty years in America have pulsated with moral struggle. No phase of society has escaped it. It has ranged from social experiment to religious cataclysm and to national upheaval. I suggest that even moral reforms, even civic renovations, might have their proper position in the artistic representation of a given age or stage of life. I submit that even the religious nature may be fit material for a work of art which shall not be refused the name of a novel *for that reason*. Such expressions of "ethicism" are phases of human life, are elements of human nature. Therefore, they are lawful material for any artist who chooses them, who understands them, and whose art is sufficient for their control. If he has sacrificed truth

or beauty to didactics he is, in so far, no artist. But because he selects for his canvas, whether from mere personal aptitude or from a color sense which leads him to prefer the stronger values, the moral elements of life, he shall not *for that reason* be denied the name of artist. "Omit eternity in your estimate of area," said a great mathematician, "and your solution is wrong." Omit the true proportions of moral responsibility in your estimate of beauty, you who paint for "Art's sake," and your art is in error.

There is one form of fiction which, I think, is imperfectly understood by students and critics, to which, as it happens, I have given some special attention, and which is, therefore, peculiarly interesting to me. I mean the short story. The difficulties in the way of creating a good novel are sufficiently obvious. I question whether they are as severe as those in the case of the short story. The short story, in its present stage of evolution, is a highly developed piece of workmanship, and will, I think, yet become a far more exquisite one than we at present compass. A good short story is a work of art which daunts us in proportion to its brevity. It would not be easy for one who has not "served his time out" at this form of creation to understand the laws of construction involved in it and the rigidity of obedience demanded by them. Perhaps I ought fairly to say, in venturing to offer this assertion, that, personally, I make a very hard time of it over a short story. I do not know how to write one easily or quickly. "*Those things?*" said a friend to me once, and he a learned man, accustomed to study from fourteen to eighteen hours a day at his own profession. "Why, I supposed you got those off in a few hours!"

It has always taken me at least from a month to six weeks to finish a magazine story. I confess that I "toil terribly" over them. It makes little difference whether the *motif* comes in a blinding flash, or in a slow, insulated electric current: the construction and execution remain inexorable ideals, frowning above attention, patience, vitality, energy, until the work is done. One who honors this vehicle of thought is often ill with the strain before a magazine tale of forty pages of manuscript can be apparently completed. The work upon such a story is never done. Revision calls the vision to account in that iron exaction from one's self which is so much more remorseless than the exaction that any critic can make upon one.

Fortunately, perhaps, the editor calls for his copy, and the laboring pen must drop its loving task. The story goes to press. Then come the days and nights of wishing that it had stayed at home! Then the steady action of the brain, which has for weeks stiffened about the story, goes on till it meets the reaction awaiting all strenuous labor. I recast, remodel, retouch, destroy the whole thing a dozen times in my mind, and recreate it; scathing myself that I ever suffered it to leave the safe protection of the little pasteboard pad, held across the lap, on which I write. The proof-sheets come: at once a species of relief and of torment. The changes which can and which cannot be made in the text combat each other. No proof leaves the study without three revisions.

I look upon a short story, properly fitted for the higher magazines of our day, as one of the very finest forms of expression. No inspiration is too noble for it; no amount of hard work is too severe for it. It is my belief that there is a future for the short story, which all our experiments and achievements are building with a gradual and a beautiful architecture.

Is the natural growth of this way of telling a story in part a concession to the restlessness of our times, in which all men are driven by "the whip of the sky" and leisure is a lost art? Shall we sometime come to the point where people will no longer think themselves able to read books? Will the novel dwindle to the novelette (that dreariest of efforts to do a thing and not do it at the same time)? Will the scientific volume shrink to the essay in the last review? Will all the classics in fiction some day be short stories? Who can prophesy? Not I; and would not, if I could.

Perhaps the question oftenest asked of any writer by "the great unknown" of his readers is which of his own writings he personally prefers. It has always seemed to me rather a foolish question; for it is not of the slightest consequence what an author thinks about his own work: he may have his opinion as to what ought to be the best thing he has done; but his readers will decide for him what *is* the best—or the worst—that he has offered them.

"The public," Thackeray used to say, "is a jackass." With this great author-

ity I feel forced to differ a little. On the whole, I have a profound respect for the sense of the reading public. If large numbers of intelligent people like a book —one may believe in one's soul that it is the poorest thing one has done—but one is forced to think that there was something worth while about it. If they dislike a book, I am more than ready to suspect that there is a reason for it, though I may labor under the personal delusion that it is my *chef-d'œuvre*.

Still, since there seems to be a widespread natural wish to know how authors discriminate among their own works, I do not know that it is any more unreasonable a demand to comply with than the mania for autographs.

And, by the way, if I may take a moment's recess from a subject which will not be the worse for a respite, this may be as good a place as any other in which to say that I have been reluctantly forced, for dear life, to decline the distribution of autographs by mail, except for the gratification of the sick and for charities. The demand having reached a point where I had no longer strength or time to comply with it, I was forced to adopt a course not at heart as ungracious as it may seem. Good Lord, deliver us from ten, twenty cards to an envelope! And preserve us from the crises when the autograph epidemic strikes a school or a college, like the measles, and runs through! When autograph bed-quilts and autograph aprons vie with autograph lamp-shades and autograph table-cloths, a writer who cannot command secretary, typewriter, or any aid whatever to the mechanical part of his profession, finds himself at bay. When, one day, I received a peremptory order from some remote and unknown individual for *autograph prayers*, I resorted to the protest of all overworked and underpaid laborers in our times—I struck.

To come back to our bisected paragraph: If I am to say for which of my short stories I have any especial preference, the list would be sadly brief—"The Madonna of the Tubs," perhaps, and "Jack, the Fisherman," "The Supply at Saint Agatha's," "The Bell of Saint Basil's," and possibly one other. These indicate to my aspiration the astral bodies of something which I should have liked to do, if I could have done it.

Among the books which I have written in the last twenty-five years there are too many which were cast in very early youth, when an unpractised pen and unformed ideas of art compassed nothing that I like to recall, or to have others remember. The stories known as "The Gates" series have a certain interest to me, for the reason that they continue to this day to find more readers than any or all other books I have written, and that in chronological proportion. "Beyond the Gates" and "The Gates Between" were written in maturer life than the first: I have a little tenderness for these two dreams of the life to be. "The Story of Avis" is a woman's book, and an author would care for it in proportion as she cared for her own sex. Perhaps, on the whole, I have written nothing which I should be so sorry to have seriously misunderstood, or am so glad to find friends for, as the last story: "A Singular Life."

This brings me to say, gladly, how much I owe, in the little share of the hard work of my times which I have done, to the picturesque, warm-hearted people of the sea, among whom I have spent the last twenty summers. The tide does not rise through my pen as it did through Celia Thaxter's—who, I think, seldom published a poem which did not contain an allusion to the sea; but I have neighbored the life of the coast too long not to feel myself a part of it. I am told that certain "material" in Gloucester is pointed out as the original of scenes or of characters in some of my stories; and I should like to take this opportunity to say that, while I may paint in the tints or outlines of rocks and beaches, downs and harbor, fleet and wharf, I never draw portraits of my neighbors or of my friends. They have taught me much, however, of a kind of knowledge of which it would be impossible for any writer to divest himself. I honor their courage, their generosity, their patience in hardship, and their pluck in overcoming it; and I like that something wild and salt in their natures akin to the winds and the waves in which they live. In so far as their qualities have washed up into my stories, the debt is distinctly mine. The story of "A Singular Life" came out of the depths of the sea and of a heart that has long loved the sea people. Bayard is my dearest hero.

Our Gloucester home itself has suffered a "sea change" within the last five years. The choice spot on the chosen side of the harbor became, in time, a Babel in which only those "who sleep o' nights" could rest. The tramp and the tongue of the summer army devastated Paradise. The wand of the house-mover—most startling

of modern magicians—waved over the cottage; and to-day we find ourselves wafted from shore to farm: from stormy tides, both salt and human, we have come to anchor in—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

How confusing and bewitching is the experience, no one can divine who has not moved his house, and gone on living in it! Through windows which used to gaze on Norman's Woe and Boston Light and the tossing eastern shore, and the fleets champing at their roads like tethered seahorses at their bits, we look to see "the daisies dressed for the dance" with the clovers, and the cattle slowly winding across the downs beyond the rope-gate which—with the genuine native Gloucester instinct—we found ourselves quite naturally constructing out of the sheets of our fishing-boat, which we do not call a yacht, which tugs at her mooring off the pier, six minutes away. Beyond the door on which the spray used to dash in the autumn gales, lies the tapestry of the marshes, a vast Persian rug, unfolded in all the dull, deep shades that Oriental weavers love, against the feet of the cliffs —whose gray shoulders mark the fascinating foreground of the downs.

Happy the flitting that stirs from home to home, and never from home to hotel-life!

There is a hillside in the Garden City of Massachusetts where we have built the most modest of houses into the most luxurious of landscapes. All our splendor is outside. "Oh," said a shivering cockney, "these places where there is climate, and nothing else!" To such a visitor our "poem of places" might seem a view, and nothing else. But town life has not spoiled the whole of our day and generation; and enough remain who have eyes to see and nerves to feel the free horizon, the pure, electric air, the gracious sweep of hill and valley outline, the rose-garden of the sunrise, the conflagration of the sunset, the banner of the woods and meadows.

Poverty itself is rich in a country home: and plain New England comfort and economy we consider to be in princely circumstances. Our upholstery hangs in our silver birches and bronze chestnuts, our red oaks and olive pines. Our Wilton and Axminster lie in our clovers and snowdrifts. Our bric-à-brac shines on the boughs of our apple-trees when the blossom blushes. Our jewels blaze on the tips of our pine-fronds when the ice-storms glaze and the sun of the winter thaw is hot. Our galleries are filled with the masterpieces of May and of October, framed in quiet study windows whose moods we choose to fit with ours.

We can never quite want for society when our pine-groves talk; they have taught us their language, and we need no translator when the winds are abroad. The piano rings to the accompaniment of grand winter storms from which only the true country lover never shrinks; and the books on their shelves or tables turn loving faces to the readers who do not count the evenings dull in the society of these loyal and lifelong friends. The country-side without and the fireside within open the book of home together; and the word they read is Peace.

It is impossible for us to sing too loud the song of country life. For a student, we believe it to be the one way of living. Perhaps, to be just, I should say suburban life—since it is but twenty-five minutes from Boston to our door; and the world is always with us if we want it.

In point of fact, one may not want it very much. The distractions, the exhaustions, the savage noises, the demands of town life are, for me, mortal enemies to thought, to sleep, and to study; its extremes of squalor and of splendor do not stimulate, but sadden me; certain phases of its society I profoundly value, but would sacrifice them to the heaven of country quiet, if I had to choose between.

In this shelter of snow and silence we spend eager winters; for our hardest work, like that, perhaps, of most people of our calling, is done between October and June. Life seems to grow busier, I find, as middle age strikes step with one. "I have always been thinking," said a gentle, careworn woman to me once, "that the time would come when things would grow easier; it never has; perhaps it will yet." Perhaps it did; for she died that year.

But we, like so many others who think more of working than of dying, care only to push on steadily, wishing less for cessation of toil than for strength to keep at it; and for wisdom to make it worthy of the ideal of labor and of life which we believe to be the most precious gift of heaven to any soul. When one has gone as far as one can in search of it, will it come, like the father in the parable, though yet a great way off, to meet one, and shorten the remainder of the way?

The fog was breathing off Cape Ann

when I put my pen to the first words of these broken recollections. The coast was hidden. The sea was calling. He asked grave questions. The fog is breathing over the inland rolling country as I write this closing page. The blue and purple mists of a soft November storm, that cannot make up its mind whether to stay or go, smoke far along the valley. The outlines of the woods and distance are blurred as if with an imperious brush. Half the meaning of the gentle scene is hidden. The sea is too many miles away to hear him. I am the one who does the calling, who asks the questions now. But strong silence answers me.

Since out of life we all learn a few things well, we find it natural to try to make them over to other lives; and we should choose for our telling, not the most brilliant lessons, but those that have been educative to ourselves—those that will make it easier to live, and more possible to live happily, and with the eyes focussed upon a true horizon.

Perhaps, in my honest soul, I am wondering if these fragments will have done as much as this for any reader of all the patient number.

But the mist is on the hills as on the valleys, and the outlines of the landscape all are hidden. I can see but a little way.

Is it the fog that reminds me? Perhaps! But that, or something else, drags out of my pen the poignant words of Zangwill, who said of a certain writer, that "he had concealed himself behind an autobiography." If one has done as much as that, perhaps one has met the chief conditions of the case.

ASPIRATIONS—EXPLANATIONS.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso," etc.

ASPIRATIONS.

I HAD been telling Philippa March exactly how matters stood between Cousin Flo and myself.

"It's really a little awkward, you know," I ended, smiling.

"Awkward!" said Philippa, who had listened to me quite gravely. "Awkward, Mr. Vansittart? I call it disgusting." And her clear blue eyes flashed scorn.

Now I myself did not consider it exactly disgusting, so I said nothing more than,

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have mentioned it to you. But it seemed amusing in a way. Of course, it's a secret."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't like it known," observed Philippa, with meaning.

I sat smoothing my hat and smiling.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked, sharply. "Oh, I wonder how you and people like you" (by which she meant Cousin Flo) "can make a jest of it as you do!" And she began to walk up and down.

"A jest of what, Miss March?"

"Why, of—of—of love and so on, Mr. Vansittart."

"Oh! of love?" said I, meditatively, as I deposited my hat on the table.

"That's serious, surely, if anything in the world is? And you make fun of it all!"

"Well, it makes a fool of me," I pleaded.

Philippa gave me a look and walked about.

"You're quite right," said I. "It's—it's uncommon bad form. I shall tell Flo that—"

"You were just as bad yourself—worse."

"Why worse?"

"You were the man. You began it. You encouraged her."

Flo does not give the impression of needing encouragement, but I let that pass. In fact, I was much interested in Philippa's opinion.

"You're right," I said again. "It is a serious thing."

"It's a holy thing," said Philippa, from the middle of the room.

"It is," I agreed, meeting her earnest gaze. "With the right person, it is; with the wrong—"

"It's a desecration," interrupted Philippa.

"I'm so glad I talked to you about it, Miss March. You take such a jolly—I mean, such a splendidly high view of it. You elevate the whole thing so." And I rose and joined Philippa, who was now standing on the hearth-rug, where the sun caught her hair through the drawing-room window.

"Have you read this?" asked Philippa, suddenly, taking three volumes from the mantel-piece. "It's simply magnificent."

"I don't think I have. What is it?"

"'Incomprehensa,'" answered Philippa. "By the author of 'Too Many by Half,' you know."

"What's it about?"

"A girl," said Philippa, with kindling eye, "who gave her whole life to— But what's the use of talking about it to you? You're laughing again."

"Upon my honor, I just screwed up my mouth because—because of the sun, you know."

"Gave her whole life to saving a man not in the least worthy of her."

"What a pity!" said I, trying to say the right thing.

"A pity! It's just that that's so splendid."

"Oh, yes, of course—in one point of view. Yes, it would be, Miss March."

"And he never understood her!"

"Liked some one else, did he?"

"Oh, no. He loved her—"

"Come, he had some good—"

"In his way," ended Philippa, with measureless disdain. "That made it worse."

I began to feel uncomfortable; yet I had another feeling. Philippa is wonderfully striking when she looks haughty and scornful.

"I shall read it," said I. "It's a fine idea. Pity things like that don't happen in real life! In real life nobody tries to help a fellow."

I think I achieved some pathos in this remark, for Philippa turned a softened glance upon me.

"He's just allowed," I continued, "to go on making an—making all sorts of blunders, I mean—and nobody cares enough to do anything."

"It's very hard to help some people," said Philippa, sadly.

"But what's her name—"

"Incomprehensa, Mr. Vansittart."

"Yes. Thanks. Incomprehensa tried, all the same."

"Yes, she did," said Philippa; and a pause followed.

"But a book's one thing and life's another," I observed, bitterly.

"It oughtn't to be," said Philippa, in a low voice; and she looked away towards the window. "I don't think it would be with—with everybody."

"A fellow feels, don't you know, Miss March, that he would be better if anybody took any interest in him, you know—I mean, sensibly—not all for a lark, as Flo does."

"She's not very serious herself, is she?" asked Philippa, with a slight, patient smile.

"That's the worst of it," said I. "So, of course, she's no use. I often feel that if I had some one to—well, at any rate, to talk to about such things—"

"What things, Mr. Vansittart?"

"Oh, well—oh, well— Come, you know what I mean, Miss March."

And Philippa said softly,

"Yes, I think I do, Mr. Vansittart."

"If," I resumed, "I might come and talk to *you* sometimes—"

"I—I'm often at home," murmured Philippa.

"And hear what you think about it, you know, and see your—I mean, hear your opinion."

"If you really think it would be any—"

"Oh, it would—no end, I assure you, Miss March. It would make me a different fellow—upon my word, it would. It would elevate me. I am sure it would elevate me like anything."

Philippa blushed—maybe only because I was implying a compliment to her moral worth. I continued to regard her with admiring eyes.

"It would make me very happy if I thought—" she said.

"And—and, Miss March," I interrupted, encouraged by her tone, "perhaps you might find there was some good in a chap, after all, and—"

"I'm sure I should, Mr. Vansittart."

"And then perhaps some day you might come to care for—"

I had got thus far (and, after all, it was most of the way) when Philippa suddenly drew back, and, flushing a fine color, asked in grand indignation,

"Have you forgotten your cousin, Mr. Vansittart?"

It was exactly what I had done. I had clean forgotten Flo.

"You must have, I think," she went

"'HAVE YOU READ THIS?' ASKED PHILIPPA, SUDDENLY."

on, "or you would hardly venture to hint to me—"

"Look here, Miss March," I broke in, "it's all nonsense about Flo, you know. She doesn't half mean it, and I don't—"

"I understood that you had asked—"

"Well, so I did," I admitted in desperation. "I say, Philippa—I mean, Miss March—if I can square it with—"

"If you can *what?*"

"If I can honorably—"

"Not another word, please, Mr. Vansittart! How can I listen while your cousin—?" She broke off, turning away. But I took a step after her.

"If my cousin were not—" I began, in low, persuasive tones.

"Not another word, please," whispered Philippa.

"There it is!" I cried tragically. "I'm left to myself. You won't hold a finger out to me!"

Philippa did not do what I suggested in a literal sense, but she allowed me to see her profile instead of the back of her head.

"Please go away now," said she.

"I'll go," said I, "if—"

"No, no; go, please!"

"If you'll say one word to me!"

"One word?" I just heard from Philippa, as I leant my head forward to catch it.

"Yes, one word. Then I shall have strength to—to tackle—I—I mean to go like an honest man to Flo and—and do it, you know."

There was a pause. I stood expectant. At last Philippa spoke.

"I never thought of this," she said.

"Of course, you didn't," said I. As a matter of fact, I had not thought of it myself.

"I—I do think there's some good in you—a little."

"Ah, you're too—"

"Just a little, which under good influences—"

"Yours would be angelic!"

"Hush, hush!"

"Say one word," I implored.

And Philippa, her profile—which is a most admirable one—still presented to me, spoke the one word I asked.

"Perhaps," said Philippa.

I gave a cry of joy.

"Now go," added Philippa.

As a gentleman I was bound to go. I took my hat and walked straight to the door, a smile of radiant happiness on my face. Just as I reached it, Philippa spoke again.

"Mr. Vansittart!"

"Yes?"

"You—you'll see your cousin soon?"

Somehow I felt less radiant. My smile vanished.

"Good-by," said Philippa.

"Good-by," said I, and I opened the door.

"Shall you see her to-night?" asked Philippa.

I paused a moment; then I said, "I'll try," and I shut the door.

I went downstairs whistling softly. Then I lit a cigarette. I wanted it. And I said, as I walked away,

"I wonder if I'm in a tight place."

For it seemed possible that I was. So I took the night to think it over.

EXPLANATIONS.

IN the doorway I met Captain Worsley. The occurrence did not, at the moment, strike me as significant. I was engrossed with the prospects of the coming interview. How should I break to Flo that I had at last found my true haven, and that the nonsense between herself and me must end?

"THEN I LIT A CIGARETTE."

Flo was sitting on the sofa. I walked up to her with a shame-faced air.

"I've come to tell you something, Flo," said I, in a grave tone.

"Oh, bother! I'm busy," said Flo.

"But it's important. When you hear it—"

"Won't to-morrow do, Dick?"

"No," said I. I was wound up; I should probably be incapable of it to-morrow. "I have come, Flo, to beg your pardon for—"

"Oh, I didn't mind. I knew it was only your nonsense, Dick."

"My nonsense?" said I. "Oh, I don't mean that. I mean since that, Flo, you remember—"

"Look here, my dear boy," interrupted Flo, "I'm thinking about something *most* important—something I've got to make up my mind about, and I can't listen to you."

Upon this, being somewhat annoyed, I sat down, crossed my legs, and observed calmly:

"Well, I only came to tell you that I was in love with Philippa March."

Flo turned on me swiftly, her pre-occupation entirely vanishing.

"I thought you'd listen," I observed, complacently. "Yes, and it's all right, if I can square you. Hullo, Flo, you've done your hair different to-day! I rather like it that way."

Flo was staring at me with wide-open eyes. (I don't know whether I've mentioned that her eyes are brown; they are.)

"It's all right if—?" she repeated, as though she had not heard aright.

"If I can square you, you know," said I. "Because, you see, in my rooms the other day—"

"And you told that March girl?"

"'S. W.,' SAID I, IN GLOOMY AND TRAGIC TONES."

"I think I must have, from what she said," I stammered, feeling rather guilty.

"And you came here by her advice—?"

"She thought it only fair to you," I said, hastily.

"To get rid of me?" ended Flo.

"Now, do be reasonable, there's a good girl," I urged, soothingly.

Flo wrose to her feet and walked to the writing-table.

"Excuse me a moment," said she, sitting down and taking a pen.

"Glad she takes it so coolly," said I to myself, and I fell to watching her as she wrote. Certainly I liked the new way of doing her hair; in fact, I preferred it to Philippa's way; there was a coquetry about it; Philippa's hair was severe. A chap doesn't always want bracing up.

"Read that," said Flo, rising and sweeping down on me with a written note in her hand.

So I read it. It was short. "Yes—— Florence." I turned it over in my hand.

"If," said Flo, with unlimited dignity, "you had not happened to call, I should have written to you in the course of this afternoon—"

"This note?" I asked, looking at it in a puzzled way.

"No, not that note. I should have written to release you from your promise to me."

"My dear Flo!" I said, radiant. "Then *that's* all right. How confoundedly lucky! Why, I've been making myself beastly unhappy, and feeling like a brute, when all the time there was nothing in it! Philippa will be awfully glad." And I beamed upon Flo.

"And to inform you," she continued,

in the same cold voice, "of my engagement—"

"Hullo!" I cried, sitting straight up.

"To Captain Worsley."

"That beast!"

"Although you're my cousin, Richard, you have hardly the right—"

But I was not in the mood to listen. I was walking up and down the room. And I laughed bitterly.

"That's a girl all over!" said I. "You encourage me—hang it, you accept me—yes, you did practically; and then, without a word to me, you go and take a sweep like—"

"Well, and what did you do with Philippa March?" cried Flo, facing me in anger.

"I have come here, like a man, to—to—"

"Square me," suggested Flo.

"To arrive at an understanding with you. If you had claimed the fulfilment of my promise, I should have—I should have considered the matter, Florence."

"You're very good," said Flo, her nose in the air. "But, as you see, I don't claim it."

I looked at Flo. It was all over between us. I did not wish to part bad friends.

CAPTAIN WORSLEY.

"You seem to have no regrets, Flo," I observed, a little ruefully.

"Really, I don't see why I should," said Flo.

"Oh, I know I'm not much of a chap," I confessed, humbly; "but with a girl who let me down easy, and didn't expect too much of me, you know—"

"Is that why you went to Philippa March?" asked Flo, suddenly.

"Who made allowances for me," I pursued, not noticing the interruption; "and didn't ask perfection of me—"

"Just what Philippa March *would* do," observed Flo, with conviction.

I paused in my walk. Flo sat down on the sofa. I sat down on the sofa.

There was a long silence. I was the first to break it.

"Well, I'm sure I hope you'll be happy with that fellow. He seems a glum sort of a dog, though."

"But he's so good, Dick!"

"I must say he's not over-amusing, Flo."

"There are better things than that, Dick."

"I mean one wouldn't call him clever."

"N—no. Perhaps not *clever*, Dick."

I turned round towards Flo.

"But, of course, all that's nothing if you love him," I observed.

"And you, of course, don't notice the little faults I see in Miss March?"

"Of course not."

"Yes—of course not."

After an interval, Flo said, laying a hand on my arm, "I'm so glad we're parting—"

"It's all for the best," said I, gently touching Flo's hand.

"Parting friends, I was going to say, Dick. We shouldn't have got on well together."

"I expect we should have quarrelled, Flo."

"Of course, we should have had *some* good times—"

"Ripping!"

"Trotting about together, and staying on the river—"

"I say!"

"And running over to Paris—"

"By Jove!"

"And—and I don't think Percival—Captain Worsley—cares much about that sort of thing."

"I know it's poison to Phil—to Miss March."

There was a silence longer than any of the previous ones.

Then I said—and I must observe that I am not in the habit of doing it before ladies—I said:

"Oh, d——n!"

"Dick!" cried Flo.

I rose. I pointed to Flo's note, which lay on the table.

"Let's have it over," said I, sternly. "Put the beastly thing in an envelope."

Flo went to the writing-table.

"Address the beastly thing," I commanded.

Flo took quite a long while addressing

it; for it must have been a full minute before she asked:

"Dick, is Jermyn Street W. or S. W.? I—I—I don't know."

"S. W.," said I, in gloomy and tragic tones.

"Thank you, Dick. I've done it now."

"Done it! I should think you have," I groaned. "So have I!"

"Will you post it?" asked Flo, and she stretched her hand out behind her, with the letter between her finger and thumb. But she kept her head the other way, and appeared to be studying the blotting-paper.

Well, I went and took the note, and I stole back to the hearth-rug.

Flo did not move.

"What a strange lottery is life!" I mused. "Who would have thought of Worsley being your husband!"

"Or Philippa March your wife!" came from the writing-table.

"It seems incredible," I murmured.

"Almost," came from the writing-table.

There was a nice bright fire in the grate. I stood and watched the jumping flame. Flo rose from the writing-table, and, crossing, stood by me; and we both watched the jumping flame.

"Do you remember," asked Flo presently, "how we used to tell fortunes from the fire?"

"Yes; and to see faces there?"

"Yes. I remember, Dick. I don't see anything there now."

"I should like to see something," said I.

"Would you? What?" asked Flo.

Now, as we happened to be standing, my hand, which held the captain's letter, was in immediate proximity to Flo's hand, which, as I chanced to observe, held her handkerchief.

"Very much indeed," said I, and I touched Flo's hand with the corner of the letter.

"Oh!" gasped Flo.

I advanced my hand (which, as I say, contained the letter) slowly towards the fire. Flo watched it with a fascinated gaze; she did not move. My hand hovered over the fire; a bright, sudden flash of flame blazed up triumphantly.

"Look, look! Now!" I cried. "What do you see there now?"

Flo turned to me with a swift smile under moist eyes.

"Why, you're—!" I cried.

"There's an eyelash in my eye," said Flo. "And, Dick, how silly you are! I shall have to write it again!"

"In the same way?"

There was yet another pause.

"I suppose," Flo then observed, "that nobody ever writes a letter twice in *quite* the same words, do they, Dick?"

I said they did not.

I went downstairs the happiest man alive. And, I pledge my word, it was not till I reached the corner of the street that the thought struck me, and I cried aloud, in dismay:

"By Jove, I haven't done it!"

In the course of talk one is so apt to forget things.

THE BATTLE OF THE SNOW-PLOWS.

A TRUE STORY OF RAILROADING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "A Thousand-mile Ride on the Engine of a 'Flyer,'" etc.

SNOW-BUCKING with a pilot plow is dangerous business. However, there is very little of it to do in these days. Now a road that is able to accumulate a snow-drift is able to own a rotary plow or snow-excavator. These machines are as large as a coach, and as heavy as a locomotive. The front end is funnel-shaped, and instead of throwing the snow away it swallows it, and then spurts it out in a great stream like water from a hose at a fire. Inside the house or car there is a boiler as large as a locomotive boiler, with two big cylinders, to furnish power to revolve a wheel in the funnel-shaped front end. This wheel is like the wheel of a windmill, except that the fans or blades are made of steel and are quite sharp. As the plow is driven through the drifted snow by a locomotive —sometimes by two or three of them—the rapidly revolving wheel slices the snow from the hard bank, draws it into the steel chest, where the same rotary motion drives it out through a sheet-iron spout.

Once at Alpine Pass, on a summer branch of the Union Pacific, I saw one of these machines working in six feet of snow that had been there six months and was so hard that men walked over it without snowshoes. It was about the middle of May; the weather was almost warm at midday, but freezing at night. A number of railroad and newspaper men had gone up there, eleven thousand feet above the sea, to witness a battle between two rival excavators. The trial was an exciting one, and lasted three days. Master Mechanic Egan, whose guest I was, was director-general, and a very impartial director, I thought. The two machines were very similar in appearance; but instead of a wheel with knives, one had a great auger in front, the purpose of which was to bore into the snowdrift and draw the snow into the machine, as the chips are drawn from an auger-hole by the revolving of the screw. The discharging apparatus was similar in the two, and like that already described.

There was a formidable array of rolling-stock on the two sidings at the foot of the mountain where we had our car and where we camped nights. On one side track stood one of the machines, with three engines behind her; on another, the other, with the same number of engines. You could tell the men of the one from the men of the other, for the two armies dwelt apart, just as the Denver police kept clear of the State militia in Governor Waite's war.

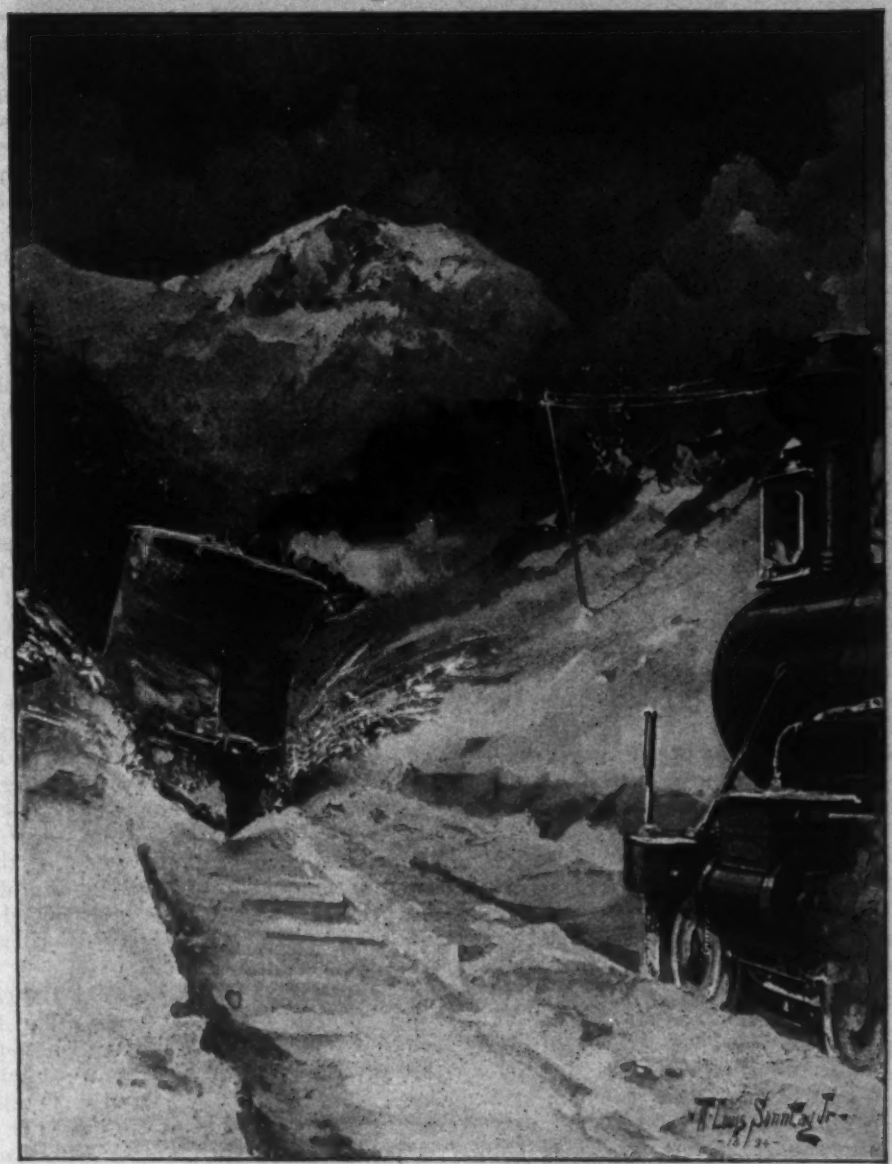
It was perfectly natural for the men on the different machines to be loyal to their respective employers and a little bit jealous of the rival crew; but I was surprised to see how quickly that feeling extended to the crews of the half-dozen locomotives, all working for the same railroad company and in no way interested in the outcome.

On the morning of the first day of the trial, when the six engines came down the track from the coal-yards, a trainman stood at the three-throw switch, and gave a locomotive to each of the two machines alternately. They all knew where they belonged, and they kept the same place, each of them, until the battle was over.

There was no betting, but there was a distinct "favorite" from the start; and when the iron horses were all hooked up, the men on the "favorite" began, good-naturedly enough, to "josh" the other crew.

Mr. Egan decided that one of the machines should go forward, and when it stuck, stalled, or stopped, for any reason, should at once back down, take the siding, and give the other a chance.

It was nearly noon when the railway officers and the reporters climbed to the storm deck of the first machine, and the commander gave a signal to start. The whistle "off brakes" was answered by the six locomotives and the little engine that brought up the rear with the special train.



SNOW-BUCKING WITH A PILOT PLOW.

The hungry machine gathered up the light drifts which we encountered in the first few miles, and breathed them out over the tops of the telegraph poles. At a sharp curve, where there was a deep drift, the snow-plow left the track, and we were forced to stop and back out. The engineers looked sullen as they backed down to let the other crew pass, and the fresh men laughed at them. The snow was lighter now, so that instead of boring into it, the second plow only pushed it and piled it up in front of her, until the whole house was buried, when she choked up and laid down. Now the frowns were transferred to the faces of the second crew, and the smiles to the other.

For two days we see-sawed in this way, and every hour the men grew more sullen. The mad locomotives seemed to enter into the spirit of the fight; at least it was easy to imagine that they did, as they snorted, puffed, and panted in the great drifts. Ah, 'twas a goodly sight to see them, each sending an endless stream of black smoke to the very heavens, and to hear them scream to one another when about to stall, and to note with what reluctance they returned to the side track.

In the little town at the foot of the hill

the rival crews camped at separate boarding-houses. This was fortunate, for it would not have been safe for them to live together. Even the enginemen, by the end of the second day, were hardly on speaking terms. Bob Stoute said that somebody had remarked that the two hundred and sixty-five wouldn't make steam enough to ring the bell. He did not know who had said it, but he did know that he could "lick" him. After supper that evening, when the "scrappy" engineer came out of Red Woods saloon, he broadened the statement so as to include "any 'rotary' man on the job, see?"

When we went into the field on the morning of the third day, not more than seven miles of snow remained between us and the mouth of the Alpine tumel, where the race would end; for the tunnel was full of snow. All the forenoon the hot engines steamed and snorted and banged away at the great sea of snow that grew deeper and harder as we climbed. The track was so crooked that the plows were off the rail half the time; so that when we stopped for luncheon we had made less than three miles.

The least promising of the two machines was out first after dinner; and as the snow was harder up here, she bid fair to win great credit. She rounded the last of the sharp curves that had given us so much trouble, successfully. But as the snow grew deeper, she smothered, choked up, and stalled. Then even her friends had to admit that "she was not quite right," and the enginemen looked blacker than ever as they backed down and took the siding.

Up came the rival, every engine blowing off steam, the three firemen at the furnace doors, the engineers smiling and eager for the fray. As she turned into the tangent where the other had stalled, the leading locomotive screamed "off brakes," and every throttle flew wide open. Down, down, went the reverse levers, until every engine in the train was working at her full capacity. While waiting in the siding, the engineers had screwed their "pops," or relief valves, down so that each of the engines carried twenty pounds more steam than usual. There were no drifts now, but the hard snow lay level six feet deep. The track was as good as straight—only one long curve—and the pilots would touch timber line at the mouth of the tunnel. The road here lay along the side of the mountain, through a heavy growth of pine. The snow was granulated, and consequently very heavy. By the time they had gone a hundred yards, a great stream of snow was flowing from the spout out over the telegraph wires, over the tops of the small spruces and pines, crashing down through their branches until the white beneath them was covered with a green carpet of tree twigs. On and on, up and up, the monster moguls pushed the plow. Higher and higher rose the black smoke; and when the smoke and the snow came between the spectators and the sun, which was just now sinking behind the hill, the effect was marvellously beautiful. Still on they went through the stainless waste, nor stopped nor stalled, until the snow-plow touched the tunnel-shed.

The commander gave a signal to "back up;" and with faces wreathed in smiles and with their machine covered with cinders, snow, and glory, the little army drifted down the hill. The three days' fight was at an end, and the Rotary was the victor.

But I started to write about pilot plows and old-time snow-bucking—when we used to take out an extra insurance policy and say good-by to our friends as we signed the call-book. On a mountain division of a Western road, some ten years ago, I had my first experience in snow-bucking. For twenty-four hours a pilot plow and flanger had been racing over the thirty miles of mountain, up one side and down the other. As often as they reached the foot of the hill they received orders to "double the road."

It was Sunday afternoon when the caller came for me. Another engine had been ordered out to help push the snow-plow through the great drifts, that were getting deeper and deeper every hour. Ten miles out from the division station, at the foot of the mountain proper, we side-tracked to wait the return of the snow-plow.

The hours went by, the night wasted away, Monday dawned, and no news of the snow brigade. All we could learn at the telegraph office was that they were somewhere between Shawano and the top of the hill, — presumably stuck in the snow. All day and all night they worked and puffed, pushed and panted; but to no purpose. Now, when they gave up all hope of getting through, they attempted to back down; but that was equally impossible. The heavy drifts in the deep cuts were not to be bucked away with the rear end of an engine.

Tuesday came, and found us still watching and waiting for the snow-plow. Other

THE MODERN ROTARY SNOW-PLOW.

engines came up from the division station with a work-train and a great army of trackmen with wide shovels. A number of railroad officers came, and everybody shovelled. We had no plow on our side of the hill, and had to buck with naked engines. First we tried one, then two, then three coupled together. The shovellers would clear off a few hundred yards of track, over which we would drive at full speed. As our engine came in contact with a great drift, all the way from eight to eighteen feet deep, she would tremble and shake as though she was about to be crushed to pieces.

Often when we came to a stop, only the top of the stack of the front engine was visible. The front windows of the cabs were all boarded up to prevent the glass from being smashed. For three or four days the track was kept clear behind us, so that we could back out and tie up at night where there was coal and water. All this time the snow kept coming down, day and night, until the only sign of a railroad across the range was the tops of the telegraph poles. Toward the last of the week we encountered a terrific storm—almost a blizzard. This closed the trail behind us, and that night

we were forced to camp on the mountain side. We had an abundance of coal, but the water in the tanks was very low. By shovelling snow into them when we were stuck in the deep drifts, we managed to keep them wet.

For three or four days—sometimes in the dead hours of the night—we had heard a mournful whistle away up on the mountain side, crying in the waste like a lost sheep. This was a light engine, as we learned afterward, that had started down the hill, but got stuck in the storm. For four days and nights the crews were imprisoned in the drifts. They had only a few pieces of hard bread, which they soaked in snow-water and ate. More than once during the fourth day they had looked into the tallow-bucket, and wondered if they could eat the tallow.

On Sunday morning, just a week from the day on which I had signed the call-book, the sun shone clear and bright. The crew with the big pilot plow had reached the summit; and now a new danger confronted the lone engine whose cry had gone out in the night like the wail of a lost soul. The big plow was coming down the hill with two locomotives behind her; and if this crew remained on the main line, they would be scooped into eternity. When the storm cleared away they found that they were within a few feet of the switch target. If they could shovel out the snow and throw the switch, it would let them on to a spur. Hungry and weak as they were, they began with the fireman's scoop to clear the switch and shovel away from the wheels, so that the engine could start herself. All the time they could hear the whistles of the three engines, now whistling "down brakes," "back up," and "go ahead," as they hammered away at the deep drifts. At last the switch was forced open, the engine was in to clear; but not a moment too soon, for now came the great plow fairly falling down the mountain, sending a shower of snow over the lone engine on the spur.

We, too, had heard and seen them coming, and had found a safe siding. When the three half-starved and almost desperate engineers came to the clear track we had made, the great engines, till now held in check by the heavy snow, bounded forward down the steep grade at a rate that made us sick at heart. Each of the locomotives on the side track whistled; but the wheels were covered with ice and snow, and even with levers reversed, they seemed to slide as fast. Fortunately, at the next curve there was a heavy drift—so deep that the snow-train drove right through it, making a complete tunnel arched over with snow. Thus, after eight days, the road was opened, and eight sections of the passenger train came slowly and carefully down the mountain and passed under the arch.

HOME FROM THE CITY.*

By Hamlin Garland.

Out of the city, out of the street!
Out in the wind and the grasses,
Where the bird and the daisy wooing meet,
And the cloud like an eagle passes,
Far from the roaring street.

Out of the hurry, away from the heat
And clamor of iron wheels and hoofs,
Out of the stench and scorching heat
We come as a dove to its native roofs,
Far from the thunderous street.

Into the silence of cool-breathed leaves,
Where the wind like a lover
Murmurs, and waits to listen, and weaves
His arms in the leafy cover—
Back to a world of stubble and sheaves
We flee from the murderous street!

* From "Prairie Songs," by Hamlin Garland; by permission of Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York.